

The Listener

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H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who begins her Royal tour of the West Indies next week

In this number:

Hopes and Fears of the German Jews Today (Terence Prittie)
Morals without Religion—III (Jenny Morton and Margaret Knight)
Virginia Woolf and 'Orlando' (V. Sackville-West)



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

Despite its innumerable applications, the magnet is still popularly associated with its use as a navigational aid. This is perhaps not surprising when one considers that the earliest experiments in magnetism were connected with the compass and its use in navigation.

It is said that the Chinese were using a form of lodestone compass in B.C. 2637, but the experimental study of magnetic direction finding devices really began in A.D. 1000 and reached something of a milestone in the 16th century with the work of Dr. Gilbert, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth.

It is only within the last twenty years, however, that revolutionary advances have been made in navigational aids. Radar was, of course, the most important of these advances and it owed its successful development to the invention of an electronic tube known as a magnetron, and this device, in turn, depended for its efficiency upon the "Ticonal" permanent magnet—an alloy having great field strength, stability and uniformity.

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Progress in magnetic materials continues, and through this the future may well see developments of equal significance to those which have gone before.



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The Paris Agreements and German Unity

By RICHARD SCOTT

WORDS can sometimes be very dangerous: I must confess that it was this *cliché* that came to my mind when I began thinking about the reaction here and in the western capitals to the recent Soviet statement on the Paris agreements on western defence. Western reaction to the Russian statement was roughly that it was just Soviet propaganda. The implication was that it could therefore be ignored.

It is the word 'propaganda' that I find dangerous. Almost every profession has one or two words which have tended to lose their real meaning by over-use; and it seems to me that 'propaganda' is a word which those who deal in international affairs are beginning to use in a loose—sometimes dangerously loose—way. 'Oh, it's just propaganda': you often hear this phrase nowadays in connection with statements or actions by countries whose policies we do not much like or trust—principally the communist countries. We feel somehow that this word absolves us from any further need to think about the subject.

Consider, for example, this case of the recent statement about the Paris agreements. For months past the Russians have been making every sort of diplomatic action to prevent the arming of western Germany. Their campaign was first directed against the European Defence Community plan because this was to have been the framework within which the Federal Republic was to be formed. But last summer this plan was finally killed and buried by the French Assembly. New arrangements had to be hurriedly

devised to take its place in the conferences held in Paris and London. But the arrangements which finally emerged from these conferences were just as objectionable to Moscow as E.D.C. had been. They, too, provided for controlled German rearmament within the Atlantic Alliance: in fact they went further than E.D.C. by inviting Germany to become a full member of Nato. So, ever since last autumn, the Russians have been campaigning against the ratification of these so-called Paris agreements. Naturally, to start with, they directed their campaign chiefly at the French. It had been France which had killed the E.D.C. and it was in France that there was most honest doubt about the wisdom of rearming Germans in any circumstances. But then, on December 30, the French Assembly took the plunge and ratified the Paris agreements. So Moscow turned its attention to Germany, where the Federal Parliament is going to debate the agreements in a few weeks' time.

Nine days ago* the Soviet Foreign Ministry published a statement which was clearly directed at the people of western Germany. The central theme of this statement was: if the Paris agreements came into force, then German unity would become impossible. I do not think we can dismiss this threat as propaganda, because I believe the Russians really mean it. In other words, it is no more propaganda than is a statement of policy by any other government. And because the question of German unity is so important—to the Germans themselves there cannot be many things which are more important—we ought to be clear

why we have got to ignore this Soviet threat. I personally have not the slightest doubt that we must ignore it, that we must go ahead and ratify the Paris agreements even if this does mean that, at least for some time, Russia will refuse even to discuss the possibility of reuniting the two Germanies.

Let us take a look at the Russian case. The only gesture which Russia makes to the west in her recent statement is a qualified acceptance that the all-German elections should be subject to international inspection. But until we know exactly what sort of international inspection Russia contemplates this does not mean a great deal. The Korean armistice was supervised by an international commission, and the Polish member of this commission was able to sabotage its work by the use of his veto. We would not want to see a repetition of that sort of international inspection.

As for the Russian contention that ratification of the Paris agreements will destroy the possibility of uniting Germany, the Soviet statement does not give any precise reasons for believing this. But obviously the chief reason is that Russia is not going to allow eastern Germany to unite with a west Germany which has already become a member of Nato. On the face of it, it may seem as though this is a perfectly reasonable point of view. In fact, one has to remember that it was only the aggressive and provocative actions of the Soviet Union and her friends—the *coup d'état* in Prague, the Berlin blockade, the Korean war, to mention only three—which in fact called into being the Atlantic Alliance to which she now so violently objects. The alliance was built for defence and I much doubt if it could be used for aggression. It simply cannot be represented as a menace to Russia but only as an obstacle in the way of any plans she may have for aggression.

What about the more specific question of the rearming of western Germany? Of course Russia wants the reunification of Germany before western Germany is rearmed. It is significant that she also wants all allied occupation troops to be withdrawn before this happens. If we accepted the Russian formula for German unity, the only military forces in the country would be the east German communist troops

trained by Moscow herself. Do you realise that, in spite of all we have heard recently from Moscow about the iniquity of planning for west German rearmament, the Russians themselves began to build up military force of east Germans as long ago as the end of 1948—over six years ago? These troops were described as police, but their equipment and their training and their organisation has been wholly military. Their present strength is believed to be 90,000 in the army, 9,000 in the air force, and 8,000 in the navy. In the Federal Republic there is not a single German armed with anything more powerful than a pistol. Even if the Paris agreements are ratified, it will take nearly two years before German units can be organised, equipped, and trained for action.

So the ratification of these Paris agreements would mean only that western Germany was on the way towards military equality with eastern Germany. That does not seem to me to be any more than an obstacle to unification than we have had ever since Russia armed eastern Germany. And, incidentally, there were reports at the week-end that the East German Government was planning to increase its force by nearly twenty-five per cent. during the next three months.

But there is another reason why I think the Western Powers are right to insist on ratification of the Paris agreements first, before once again sitting down with the Russians to discuss German unity. The Paris agreements represent the culmination of months, even years, of delicate diplomatic negotiation between the western nations. They also embody one of the principles on which the west is certain to insist in any final settlement—that is, that Germany, divided and united, must be allowed the elementary right of self-defence and of choosing her friends: in other words, of making alliances. If the Paris agreements are not ratified now—if the process of ratification is suspended to allow for talks with the Russians, which would certainly be lengthy and probably unsuccessful—I think that the moment could easily be lost; that you would never again be able to muster the necessary support to get them approved in France and in Germany. What a chaotic mess the western alliance would find itself in then.

—Home Service

A State Railway System That Pays Its Way

By ALF MARTIN

FOR at least half a century the Swedish Government has received an annual surplus from the State Railways. Railway building by the state started in the eighteen-fifties and has continued ever since. The reasons for the state taking this initiative were simply the lack of private capital and the need for new means of communications in Sweden's vast and sparsely populated areas.

From the beginning, the State Railways were fortunate in securing for the top jobs men with vision and drive, men who meant business and who saw to it that business was done. The morale of the railway service has always been excellent. The last of our great railway builders, who was also a fine leader of men, took part in his young days in the building of the famous iron-ore line within the Arctic Circle, and rose to become the Director-General of the state system. According to their own wish, he and his wife lie buried in the Arctic graveyard, among those of his rough-and-ready men who died or were killed during that hazardous undertaking.

Swedish railwaymen, from the Director-General to the footplate men and the men in the highly mechanised goods yards, have a good standing in their respective social strata. Competition for promotion is encouraged, and incentives play an important role. A driver receives up to £70 a month. At sixty, every railway employee is entitled to a pension, approximately two thirds of his wages or salary. The annual holiday is thirty-five days for drivers and chief conductors over forty years old, otherwise thirty or twenty-five days, according to age, service, and responsibility.

The total length of the Swedish railway system is 10,300 miles, or fourteen miles for every 10,000 inhabitants, which means that Sweden has more railways in relation to its population than any other country in the world. Today some ninety-five per cent. of the railways are state owned. At the beginning, the state built only long-distance lines, especially for national, social, industrial, and military needs, while private enterprise built the local lines. Gradually, most of those local

lines have been amalgamated with the state system, though not compulsorily. For eighty-five per cent. of the total transport in use the motive power is electricity. Just now, diesel engines of various types are coming to the forefront.

Travel costs would be prohibitive on the long-distance routes, if the tariff system were based on a uniform charge per mile. Our railways have therefore been divided into a number of zones and the longer the journey the cheaper the successive zone tariffs, on the basis of which the ticket price is calculated. The state railways have an extensive bus system, covering more than 24,000 miles. Many of the bus lines are run in co-operation with privately owned bus lines. The train ferries form an important part of the traffic system, and last year, for instance, there were 3,000,000 passengers on the State Railway ships running between Sweden and Denmark. On all long-distance trains there are special compartments for mothers with children under two years of age.

The planning and reconstruction work at present is concentrated upon continued electrification and on getting more diesel locomotives, motorail buses, more steel passenger-cars, and, in general, a still higher standard of efficiency and economy. Rationalisation during the last two years has reduced the personnel by over 5,000 to a current total of 66,000. This has been done with the full support of the trade union movement which strongly recommends rationalisation as the only means of lifting the so-called 'low work low pay' groups to higher standards of living. There are never any strikes on the Swedish State Railways.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Among recent books published on the subject of war history and experiences are: *Operation Waste*, *First Eye-Witness Account of the War in Indo-China* by a Parachutist, by Philippe de Piercy (Arco, 15s.), and *The First Commonwealth Division. The Story of British Commonwealth Land Forces in Korea 1950-1953*, by Brigadier C. N. Barclay, C.B.E., D.S.O. (Gale and Polden, 25s.).

Volcano in Indonesia

• By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in south-east Asia

ON the island of Java there is a volcano called Gunung Merapi, which means 'Mount of Fire'. About a year ago, Gunung Merapi erupted for the thirty-sixth time, taking a comparatively small toll of forty-four lives and causing the evacuation of 12,000 people, but failing to blow off its own cap. It is feared, although this cannot be predicted precisely, that there may soon be a greater explosion than any so far recorded. If the cap then shows signs of being blown off, 2,000,000 people will be evacuated. There is a relief committee standing by to which people in Indonesia and elsewhere have sent the equivalent of hundreds of thousands of pounds, thousands of items of clothing, and about 1,000 tons of food and other provisions.

When, or if, Gunung Merapi erupts it will be pouring its lava—the lava that both destroys the crops and makes fertile the ground—upon a people who are themselves passing through what can fairly be called 'volcanic area in their national evolution'. This year they will be celebrating the tenth anniversary of the proclamation of independence from Dutch rule; they expect to hold their first general elections, and they intend to be hosts to the largest international conference yet held in the country—the conference of African and Asian nations that has been convened at Bandung in April. At the same time, however, they are beset by troubles in nearly every field of their national economy, in many aspects of their internal security system, and in several which touch the very roots of the Constitution itself.

What has happened to Indonesian economy in these last ten years? It might be suitable to let the answer come from one of the country's own Ministers, Professor Sumitro Djojohadikusumo, who, as Socialist Minister of Finance, contributed to *The Indian Quarterly* two years ago a full and frank review of the country's economic position. What the Professor said in part and in substance was this:

The present situation is neither unequivocally good nor is it hopeless. There are many difficulties, some of them grave. They are not, however, insuperable. There is a budget deficit, a great amount of money in circulation, low productivity, frequent labour strikes, growing insecurity. There is a lack of managerial skill. The government machinery is slack and slow. Only a small number of administrators are able to combine experience with bold imagination and decisive action. There is a lack of what he calls 'follow up'. There is an ever-present danger of corruption. The masses in the rural areas are getting restive. Outside the cities, dissatisfaction prevails. In the past they were given the impression that freedom would bring them the moon; now they ask for the moon.

These statements do explain rather more than only

the economic problems which it is the writer's main concern to discuss. The economic aspect of Indonesian life is a facet of political life, and political life, in its turn, is bound up with the security situation. When the economic condition of a country is poor, political stability and internal security in that country tend to be weakened, and that is, in fact, the present state of affairs in Indonesia. Over wide areas of Java and its neighbouring islands, terrorist groups, chief among them the right-

wing religious fanatical Dar-ul-Islam, rule by intimidation and extortion. The Communist representation in parliament, although not numerically large, is sufficient to be of value to the Government when it is a question of tipping the delicately balanced scales against the Masjumi, or Muslim Party, Opposition. The communists advertise openly for recruits and their various party headquarters are both conspicuous and smartly furnished. They dominate the main trade union and they control youth organisations. Other parties are so splintered—there are nineteen of them altogether—that Cabinet changes and Cabinet reconstructions are both

frequent and difficult. Forthcoming elections may reduce the number of parties, but some foreign observers who study the question believe that the present delicate and more or less even balance between government and right-wing opposition, with its resulting indirect and direct advantages to the Communists, is likely to be maintained even after election results are complete.

Much, one might say all, of the motive power behind Indonesia today is based on nationalism, or, conversely, anti-colonialism. This spirit makes itself clear to the visitor in half a dozen different ways every day, but some of the ways in which it shows itself are surprising. More than one Indonesian told me that they made a rigid distinction in their own minds, even where colonial matters are concerned, between the Dutch and other foreigners, and I am certain that this was said in sincerity and not with a desire to please, for frankness is very much the order of the day.

Although Indonesians today hate colonialism to a point which sometimes seems to blur their interest in more positive issues, they are interested in the English-speaking world, and English has now replaced Dutch as a compulsory language in schools. There are still some 30,000 Dutch subjects in Indonesia, but their position is a very difficult and unhappy one. In contrast, other foreigners, when clearly recognised as such, are often treated with the best of good manners and, indeed, with much gratuitous kindness. A taxi-driver whom I had already paid and tipped came back several miles to hand me an almost valueless timetable which I had discarded by leaving it on the seat of his vehicle.



Gunung Merapi, or the 'Mount of Fire', on the island of Java



President Soekarno of Indonesia

There have been some bloody incidents in Djakarta at one time or another, usually connected with large crowds; but Djakarta is a metropolis, the biggest in the eastern tropics, with a population of more than 2,000,000, of whom a large proportion make up what is sometimes called in Europe a proletariat. There is almost no middle class in Indonesia. There is an intellectual leadership and there is the mass of the people, and under these conditions emotions are sometimes easily inflamed to a degree which even an efficient police force would find hard to deal with.

In the same way that Djakarta is bigger than neighbouring cities, so is Indonesia bigger—far bigger—than its neighbours in south-east Asia. From west to east it stretches for about 3,000 miles: equivalent to the distance between Scotland and the Caucasus, or to the width of the United States. It has as big a population as Germany—east and west. It comprises some 4,000 inhabited islands as well as thousands of uninhabited ones. Even a strong centralised government would find territory of this size hard to control, and Indonesia, which inherited no trained Civil Service such as that passed on to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma through the Indian Civil Service, has indeed a great deal on its plate, as the saying is, with the maintenance or the attempted maintenance of law and order, the organisation of elections, and the bolstering up of a spirit of unity and co-operative enterprise over this enormous area.

Behind the economic mismanagement and the mysterious disappearance into personal pockets of funds that should be used for public purposes, there is, however, also a story of conscientious plodding effort by some of those whose ideals remain untarnished by the disappointment of finding that freedom did not in fact bring them the moon. In the spheres of housing, health, and agriculture, a great deal is slowly being done, although, for example, there is still only one doctor to 60,000 Indonesians, which is one of the lowest doctor-to-patient ratios in the world; and even the magnificent fertility of Java will not indefinitely support a swelling population unless migration to other islands is begun on a big scale and virgin soil is tilled.

Throughout the length of this volcanic chain of islands there are differences between the various peoples, both in their degree of political awareness and in their political aims. Perhaps the most powerful unifying factor, in so far as one exists, is to be found in the personality of President Soekarno, who, because of his part in the achievement of self-government, has become rather more than a President and is looked upon by many as the very symbol of national independence. The President's position is strong, but it is not unchallenged. He has enemies, and there are among them those who allege that he is associating himself too closely with the policy of the ruling Nationalist Party instead of remaining aloof from political affairs.

Be that as it may, it was the President who took the real initiative, suggesting that a conference of African-Asian Powers should be convened in Indonesia this year, and this suggestion has been given practical endorsement by the recent meeting at Bogor, near Djakarta, of the Prime Ministers of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Indonesia—the so-called Colombo Powers. The Afro-Asian conference is to be held in Bandung in April and thirty countries are being invited to attend, including Communist China and Japan, but not including the Union of South Africa, which fulfils some of the necessary qualifications in that it is a Sovereign State but does not fulfil other qualifications because of what the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, called at a news conference its 'very aggressive racial policies'.

The Afro-Asian conference is going to discuss racialism as well as colonialism, and at a mass-meeting that I attended in Djakarta at the time of the Colombo Power conference, the stadium was plastered with slogans saying how bad these things were. President Soekarno spoke at that meeting and it was remarkable to see how completely he appeared to hold the crowd by his oratory, which is outstanding. He did not touch on the question of West New Guinea, or Irian Barat as the Indonesians call it, which is a Dutch possession that is claimed by Indonesia; and while the Colombo Power Conference was in progress, posters or slogans about Irian Barat were officially forbidden. In other words, great care was taken to see that the Afro-Asian conference, which is being called to discuss colonialism in general, should not appear to have been called to discuss one colonial issue, which is the immediate concern of only one of the Asian Powers concerned. None the less, Irian Barat remains the main point of dispute in the field of foreign affairs which Indonesia has with the outside world. It is the point which is raised again and again on other occasions as a rallying point for national emotions, as stick with which to beat colonialism, and, perhaps not least important, a concrete evidence that the Government, whatever some of its opponents may and do say to the contrary, is, after all, acting energetically and in the interests of the people.

As I said earlier, the volcano of Gunung Merapi causes widespread damage when it erupts and there are preparations in hand to minimise this damage, but no one can say exactly when or if an eruption will in fact occur; it is merely feared that it may do so and that the explosion would then be larger than any which preceded it. One can easily carry this comparison too far, but the political and economic situation in Indonesia has at least some points of similarity with the situation around Gunung Merapi. A final assessment of both is, for the moment, out of the question. Certainly it can be said that the Indonesians have not obtained the moon for which they asked. What they have got is none the less, of uncommon interest to the visitor, for there is surely no other country in the Far East quite like theirs at the present time.

—General Overseas Service

Hopes and Fears of the German Jews Today

By TERENCE PRITTIE

CATASTROPHE and 'disaster' are words too often written in capital letters and glaring headlines. This turns these words into mere comparatives, and many people forget the real catastrophes which have happened not so long ago. For instance, the near-annihilation of European Jewry by the nazis. Hitler's plan to 'solve' the Jewish question was a catastrophe. It resulted in the deaths of at least 5,000,000 Jews, and in a post-war Jewish exodus from Europe which has grossly overburdened the infant Israeli state. It almost wiped out the Jewish communities in Germany.

Before the war, roughly 600,000 Jews lived in the German Reich. Persecution and organised murder reduced them to 110,000 at the end of the war, and the survival of many of these was fortuitous. I once met a Jewish lady who spent five years in a walled-up cellar in Berlin, being fed through a removable iron grating and coming up at night to get air and exercise. Many German Jews survived simply because the nazis were disinclined to carry out their extermination programmes on German soil and had not exhausted their reserves of non-German Jewish prisoners by the end of the war. It was hardly surprising that the great majority of the survivors had only one idea in their heads when the allied armies reached them—to get out of a country which

reeked to them of the charnel house. This reflex-action to twelve years of nazi iniquity gave the impetus to the post-war plan to liquidate a Jewish property in Germany and remove all Jews to Israel or other hospitable countries by 1949. As a result of this the Jewish population of Germany dropped from 110,000 to 18,000 by 1948.

A year earlier, Jews in Germany had begun to oppose this official policy. They may have hoped, by staying in Germany, to save a little more from the wreck of their lives and fortunes. If so, this was only a subsidiary reason for their actions. They believed that the removal of all Jews from Germany would certainly not bring anti-Semitism in that country to an end. It would, on the contrary, complete one of the tasks that Hitler and Himmler had set themselves: the annihilation of German Jewry. If the lunacies of Teutonic racialism were to be killed, they argued, then Germans and Jews should live happily together in the future. The German people—or that proportion of it which had embraced racial theories and had believed the gibberish written about the alleged protocols of the Elders of Zion—needed decontamination more than isolation. And these Jewish survivors undoubtedly continued to feel, deep in their hearts, a kindred feeling for Germans. As one German Jew said to me: 'Why do the Jews and the Germans have

an instinctive understanding of one another? Because the rest of the world has always talked about "the" Jews and some time ago began to talk about "the" Germans'.

Official policy was set into reverse in 1949, but the intention of the surviving Jews in Germany to stay where they were and try to rebuild and reorganise was only approved by Jewish world organisations last year. Intermediate events suggested that the new policy was justified. In 1949 Dr. Adenauer admitted the moral right of the Jewish people to compensation for all that they had suffered. Dr. Adenauer and President Theodor Heuss were largely responsible for pushing through the reparations agreement with Israel, which resulted in a lump sum payment to Israel in the form of badly needed supplies and equipment. They were responsible for the admission in principle that individual Jews must be compensated for loss of wealth, jobs, and, to some degree, for their sufferings. Under the stimulus of the new policy of consolidation the Jewish population rose from 18,000 to 25,000. Of another 10,000 Jews in Germany at present, many may resettle there. Jewish children are once again being born in Germany. In 1951 there were only three in the Düsseldorf community: now there are fifty-eight. In 1950 the average age of Jews in Germany was sixty: now it is forty-six. A community of 5,000 Jews has been built up in Berlin, and one of 1,000 in Munich. A Jewish Women's Group has been reconstituted and today has a membership of over 3,000. The *Jüdische Allgemeine*, with a circulation of 70,000, is the most read Jewish newspaper in the world, and, significantly, sixty per cent. of its readers are not Jews.

Collective Shame'

Material progress was accompanied by signs that the leaders of present-day Germany were keenly aware of their responsibilities to the Jews. President Heuss sent a message to the German people in which he urged them never to forget the sense of 'collective shame' which they should feel for the deeds committed in their name by the nazis. He urged 'moral as well as material restitution', and his words were echoed by Dr. Adenauer in parliament. Only a few weeks ago, Dr. Adenauer chose the occasion of the second anniversary of the signing of the debts agreement with Israel to give an interview on the Jewish question to the newspaper *Die Welt*. He said that his government would wipe away memories of nazi hate, that it was the duty of the German people to learn to live side by side with the Jewish communities, and that the essence of German democracy must be that people are equal before the law. He maintained that the payment of reparations to Israel was only intended to assist the settlement there of 500,000 refugees from Europe who had become Israeli citizens. It did not absolve the German Government or people from making individual restitution wherever due.

In saying this Dr. Adenauer touched on a problem which is most disturbing to German-Jewish relations at present. The question of restitution was left for four years in a state of indescribable muddle, in which west German *Laender* were left to carry out restitutions as best they could on a purely local basis. No *Land* government considered itself rich; nor saw any political advantage in making the affairs of the persecuted a priority. *Land* legislation on this subject has taken all sorts of forms. Württemberg-Baden has gone ahead with the practical implementation of its enactments: a *Land* as rich and influential as North-Rhine-Westphalia is waiting for federal legislation before it does more than set down its policy on paper. *Laender* with Social Democratic administrations, like Lower Saxony or Hesse, have been among the worst offenders in the essential task of getting things done—although they are politically most favourably disposed towards victims of nazism.

Some of the absurdities of restitutions procedure were outlined in a broadcast on the Bavarian radio after it had become clear that the single federal compensation law—passed in September 1953—had so exhausted the energies and imagination of the Lower House of parliament that nothing more was done for one year afterwards. This law had been designed to plug the gaps left by the *Laender* and to give thousands of victims of nazism the certainty of redress. Impressively, it was announced that the law would result in payments totalling over 4,000,000,000 marks, and that this would be part of a 'final' payment of 10,000,000,000 marks by all German authorities of all kinds to the Jews and other victims of nazism. Until a few weeks ago the law remained a dead letter.

The initial mistake in the whole concept of this law was that it was left to the Federal German Treasury to deal with its implementation. A Treasury is inevitably a money-saving concern and the German one was no exception. It saw no reason to busy itself with the mass of

supplementary legislation which was needed to make the law effective. A separate law had to be framed, for instance, for the damage done to the health of the nazis' victims; another for interference with their training and professional careers. This was not done. The law was incomplete in any case. It excluded Jews who had come from eastern Germany. It set down maximum sums in compensation which represented years' earnings for a man with drive. It allowed taxes to be levied on these inadequate sums at a rate of 2000 marks on the maximum of 25,000. The commentators on the Bavarian radio, Hamerschmidt and Mansfeld, made some relevant comparisons between the treatment meted out to the Jews and to former nazi officials whose claims for 'compensation' had been dealt with under Federal law number 131 in May 1951.

This federal law has been accompanied by ten implementary laws and 120 sets of administrative instructions. It is fully effective. The law for the compensation of victims of nazism was first passed two years later and has, so far, been accompanied by two implementary enactments and one set of administrative instructions. It is still ineffective.

Ex-Nazi officials qualify for full pensions and assistance. Ex-Marshals Kesselring and von Manstein draw theirs, even though they were imprisoned as war criminals. So far, victims of nazism receive assistance only if they have been rendered at least fifty per cent. incapable of earning a living. Ex-nazi officials are refused assistance if they were leading functionaries in the Nazi Party or were employed by the Gestapo at the end of the war. Victims of nazism are disqualified if they ever committed any 'crime against peace', war-crime, or civil crime of any importance. Somewhat ironically, they are disqualified if they ever belonged to the Nazi Party or affiliated organisation. The widows of ex-nazis are paid the pensions they would have received if their husbands had died at the retiring age of sixty-five. Widows of victims of nazism may claim pensions which are arbitrarily based on those of German government officials. So a merchant's widow will find that her dead Jewish husband is ranked as a minor official and that she may claim the pension to which he was qualified at thirty-five—the age at which he was gassed in Auschwitz.

The story of restitution is the sorriest in present-day Germany. Its worst aspect is not the actual, pitiful amount of compensation paid out so far. It is the failure of government bureaucracies to realise that they are dealing with an emergency, that over forty per cent. of the Jews in Germany are on state relief of some kind, and that more than half the Jews who fled to the United States have died before their claims could be presented. It is the additional failure of the German public to interest itself in the subject at all, in that comfortable frame of mind—common, it must be said—which supposes that something not talked about ceases to exist.

Some Jews whom I have met have confessed to me that they are less concerned by the German failure to make material restitution than by the Germans' failure to readjust themselves psychologically to the triple task of realising the wrongs that have been done, making up their minds to set those wrongs right and learning to live in comradeship with those who have been wronged. There have been some thoroughly unfortunate cases in the recent past of German inability to make these essential but, it must be admitted, considerable readjustments.

Scenes at a Party Meeting

The chairman of the German Party, Dr. Seebohm, has failed to make any inquiry into scenes which took place during the Berlin election campaign at a party meeting over which he presided, and into subsequent manifestations of anti-semitism directly connected with that meeting. German Party strong-arm squads beat up people who failed to sing the first verse of the old German National Anthem and ejected them with shouts of 'That will teach you, Jewish swine', and 'Time for you to go back to the concentration camps'. Since then the *Jüdische Allgemeine* weekly has published an open letter to the German Government asking for an explanation and an assurance that such scenes will be discouraged in future. It has received a governmental assurance, in Dr. Adenauer's name; but no explanation from Dr. Seebohm who is, surprisingly, a Cabinet Minister. Herr Oberlaender, Federal Minister for Refugees, made the astonishing statement at a recent *Land* election meeting that the sufferings of the Germans who were ejected from the eastern provinces and the Sudetenland had been so hideous that they cancelled out the injustices done to the Jews and other victims of nazism. If they cancelled out anything, it could have been such things as Lidice, the Warsaw rising and the horrors perpetrated by Hitler's

armies in Russia. All these have nothing to do with the appalling plan to annihilate European Jewry.

The performances of Dr. Seebohm and Herr Oberlaender are echoed, if in a minor key, by members of the German Foreign Office, by the ex-soldiers' associations and by the *Landmannschaften*, who represent the interests of German refugees. The spokesman of one of these groups had the audacity, in a New Year's message, to use the word 'Wiedergutmachung', or restitution, in relation to German misfortunes at the hands of the Russians. This word is inalienably associated with the wrongs done by the nazis to their victims, and will be until such wrongs have been morally and materially righted.

Jews in Germany today are worried by the stealthy infiltration of political parties to the right of Dr. Adenauer's C.D.U. by former nazis who are 'unrepentant'. They are worried by the strong reactionary tendencies of the older schoolmasters who still—like that specimen in Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*—sit at their desks dreaming of national glory. They are worried by the senseless desecration of Jewish cemeteries and by the failure of the authorities to punish the offenders. Finally, they are worried by the curious but understandable complex of the German people with regard to the Jews, which is a mixture of a desire to be forgiven and an uneasiness and unwillingness to talk about the past at all. Such worries will be laid at rest in the years ahead. For Germans generally, and German youth in particular, do seem to be ready to take a more common-sense and more idealistic attitude towards the Jewish problem as time goes on. Here are a few reasons why German-Jewish relations can improve.

President Heuss' message to the German people has undoubtedly borne some fruit. During the last two months the *Jüdische Allgemeine* has had letters from 300 young people who want to go to Israel, just to learn about the country. In the last two years around 1,000 young people have volunteered to work for two or three years in Israel, without pay. Others have written to say that they will serve as volun-

teers in the Israeli Army if Israel is wantonly attacked by any Arab state. In such an offer may be an element of the old *condottieri* spirit which once made the Hessians the best mercenaries in Europe. But there is a good slice of idealism involved too.

The Minister of the Interior of Land North-Rhine-Westphalia has a schoolmaster, called Strunk, debarred from teaching when it was discovered recently that he was circulating anti-Semitic literature of a peculiarly violent nature. The same Minister—and he was once a member of the Nazi Party—banned one history book, the *Sieben Ehrentage*, from all schools because it treated the Jewish question in an irresponsible way. Another history book of a similar kind is in process of being banned. The Federal Government dismissed, without further ado, Heinrich Distelmann, a member of the Federal Press Office, because he made anti-Semitic statements which were later published. Finally, the Hammerschmidt-Mansfeld broadcast on restitutions produced a spate of letters, eighty per cent. of them favourable. And many of these came from former nazis.

The society for Christian-Jewish co-ordination has expressed concern that anti-Semitism in Germany is on the increase again. The curious pamphlets of inverted racialists sometimes find their way into the press. The members of S.S. units personally concerned with programmes to exterminate the Jews are forming their own societies. Stories of nazi persecution are often being distorted, slurred over or forgotten. But the German people is beginning to look at its conscience. A woman of my acquaintance made a pilgrimage to France to ask for forgiveness of those who had suffered most from the nazis. The president of the Hamburg Senate, Erik Lueth, made his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, incognito but as a German, so that he could learn what must be done to wipe out a shameful story. While such things happen, no one need despair of the future. If the Germans have taken ten years to begin thinking things out, there is a chance that they will think clearly now.—*Third Programme*

The Civil Service and Individual Rights

W. A. ROBSON on lessons of Crichton Down

THERE is a certain irony in the fact that in 1954 we celebrated the centenary of the Trevelyan-Northcote report on the Civil Service and also had the report on Crichton Down. The reforms due to the work of Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote have given us the best Civil Service in the world; but Crichton Down reminds us of the serious shortcomings which can arise in even the best Civil Service. Now that the dust and heat of the political commotion have subsided a little, we may ask what are the lessons of Crichton Down.

The inquiry was ordered by the Minister of Agriculture because rumours of corruption and personal dishonesty had reached his ears. But Sir Andrew Clark, who conducted the inquiry, found no trace of bribery, corruption, or personal dishonesty on the part of any official. We can rejoice that once again the Civil Service has been given a clean bill of health on this score. But, as a member of parliament pointed out in the debate on July 20, we should feel sure that civil servants are as uncorrupted by power as it is known they are uncorrupted by anything else. It was uneasiness on this point which led to such strong feeling both inside and outside parliament.

Someone has aptly called the British Government a parliamentary bureaucracy. The word bureaucracy has come to be regarded almost as a term of abuse. There is, indeed, a whole literature of protest against bureaucracy on both sides of the Atlantic—books like *The New Despotism* by Lord Hewart, *Bureaucracy Triumphant* by Sir Carleton Allen, *Our Wonderland of Bureaucracy* by James Beck, a former Solicitor-General of the United States; and there are many others. Yet there is nothing inherently wrong with the idea of bureaucracy, for it signifies only a well organised, properly trained hierarchy of professional officials carrying on their work in accordance with a clearly established system of legal powers and regulated procedure. We must have a bureaucracy for the efficient conduct of our public administration, just as large industrial and business firms, railways, banks, insurance companies, trade unions, political parties and other non-govern-

mental bodies need bureaucracies. Our democratic system of government requires that the Civil Service, which is the bureaucratic element, shall be subordinate to the elective or popular element, represented in parliament, the Cabinet, and Ministers, and we have managed to apply this principle to a high degree.

What we must be on the look-out for are the maladies of bureaucracy. These are what most people have in mind when they use the word as an epithet. The commonest maladies are an excessive sense of importance on the part of officials or an undue sense of the importance of their office; an indifference towards the feelings or the interests of individual citizens; an exaggerated idea of the binding force and inflexible authority of departmental decisions, precedents, policies and procedure, regardless of whether they are working badly or well; injustice in individual cases; a preoccupation with the activities of a particular unit of administration with which an official is concerned and an inability to consider the Government as a whole; and, above all, a failure to recognise the relations between citizens and officials as an essential part of democracy.

The Crichton Down report revealed all these defects in larger or smaller measure. The actions of the civil servants concerned were not those of a group of men trying to do their best in difficult circumstances but rather of officials wielding the powers of the state and spending public money in an irresponsible way and with little regard to economy, efficiency, or the fair treatment of individual citizens.

There were other aspects of the matter which the inquiry also brought to light. One was the complicated relationships produced by the proliferation of authorities. How many people, even in the Civil Service or in parliament, really understand the respective functions and mutual relations of the Ministry of Agriculture, the Agricultural Land Commission, the Commissioners of Crown Lands, and the Crown Commissioners? This particular tangle is being looked into and will no doubt be cleared up in course of time; but there are plenty of similar obscurities in the machinery of government. Where they exist there

always the danger that civil servants may fail to realise that in the eyes of the public the government is one and indivisible. The notion that an undertaking given by one department is not binding on another, which occurred in the Crichton Down inquiry, is in conflict with the perfectly sound view of the ordinary man that the Government is a unity which must be held responsible for the actions and statements of its different parts.

Unwise Attitude

There is a tendency in some quarters to take up an attitude which may be expressed by saying 'Crichton Down must never happen again'. I think this is most unwise. My own feeling is that we must assume, if only for the sake of safety, that several cases are likely to occur every year where, for one reason or another, departments have exercised their powers improperly, or dealt in an unfair or harsh way with individual citizens. We cannot reasonably expect that government departments will exercise the vast powers which have been confided to the Executive in the Welfare State, affecting the lives of us all in an intimate way, and touching economic life, the social services, nationalised industry, the food supply, town and country planning, the social services, capital investment, cultural services, and much else, without the likelihood of there occurring at least a few unfortunate lapses from our normal standards of public administration. Some people regard this prospect as so intolerable that they jump to the conclusion that the Welfare State should be abandoned and a return made to the good old days of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, when the Executive had less power and was therefore less dangerous to the individual. There are others at the opposite extreme who regard the achievements of the Welfare State in alleviating poverty, redistributing wealth, and increasing social security as so great that they consider any mention of Crichton Down as an attack on the Welfare State which should be discounted and even derided as mere political prejudice.

I am convinced that although the Welfare State should and will remain, we must guard ourselves against administrative abuses and the arbitrary exercise of power by departments. It should not be forgotten that the Crichton Down affair was exposed almost inadvertently. It came to light owing to the voluntary action of the Minister of Agriculture, who was under no obligation, legal or moral, to submit the matter to the searching scrutiny of a public inquiry. Moreover, as Sir Thomas Dugdale explained to the House of Commons, his main purpose in ordering the inquiry was to deal with rumours of bribery, corruption, or personal dishonesty, which turned out to have nothing whatever to do with the real ground of complaint. In a sense, therefore, we owe it to these two adventitious factors—the voluntary decision to hold the inquiry and the misapprehension which led up to it—that the Crichton Down affair has been ventilated. Neither of these factors might occur again; and then where should we be? If no independent inquiry were held, or if the matter were investigated behind closed doors, the cleansing force of public opinion would not operate, the Minister would not have resigned, and certain civil servants would not have felt the weight of public censure and criticism. In my opinion this would have been a great disadvantage.

I mention this because it indicates a weakness in our system of government. No legal wrong was committed by anyone in the Crichton Down case, and there was therefore no way in which a court of law could have been asked to review the legality of the action taken by the Executive. Political action by members of parliament could not be effective *prior* to the public inquiry, because until the report was published M.P.s had insufficient knowledge of the facts on which to base their criticism or allegations.

The real problem we have to face is: how can we be sure that any instances of maladministration or misuse of powers or unfair treatment will emerge and be rectified? I believe that there is a real need for an administrative tribunal of general jurisdiction before which such complaints could be brought for investigation and redress. The tribunal should be a mixed body consisting of one or two former Ministers, one or two retired senior civil servants, a layman or two with experience of public affairs, with, possibly, an eminent lawyer. It would have a flexible procedure and would not be subject to the common law rules of evidence. It would be different from an ordinary court because it would not be investigating legal wrongs, but enquiring into the standard of administration, the proper exercise of discretionary powers, and the treatment of citizens in particular matters. It would have power to summon persons to appear before it and its reports would be laid before parliament. Its decisions would be binding on Ministers.

Most of the occasional errors of public administration in dealing with members of the public, and the severity or unfairness sometimes shown to individuals by departments, does not arise from any desire or tendency on the part of civil servants to exercise power in an arbitrary or despotic way. The picture of civil servants as men hungry for power and seeking to use it in a lawless or oppressive manner is a caricature which has little resemblance to reality. It frequently happens, however, that civil servants are preoccupied with vast schemes of administration concerning possibly thousands or even millions of persons, in relation perhaps to one of the social services. It is their job to consider government policy in the large. In the course of doing so, they may easily ride roughshod over the interests and rights of the individual citizen, even though the department had no intention of inflicting harm or behaving unfairly. Most of the time nothing illegal takes place, but discretionary power is nevertheless improperly or harshly used. Where this happens the shortcomings of administration can best be examined, brought to light, and rectified by means of an administrative tribunal bringing a judicial spirit to bear on the matter, and seeking to strike a balance between the reasonable needs of the Executive and the interests of the citizen. I feel sure this is one of the lessons of Crichton Down.

An aspect of Crichton Down which has attracted a good deal of attention is whether the doctrine of ministerial responsibility can really be applied nowadays, when departments have grown so large and diverse that Ministers cannot possibly know even a tenth of what goes on; and therefore cannot approve of the things which are done in their name.

This is a dangerous line of argument. The constitutional responsibility of Ministers to parliament and the public has never really rested on the political head actually knowing and approving everything that was done in his name by his officials. The Minister links together in an organic way the democratic and bureaucratic elements in our system of government. He is responsible for the official acts of every civil servant in his department not because he necessarily knows about them or approves of them, but because he is in a position to give the officials orders which they must obey, under pain of ultimate dismissal. His own position as a Minister may be called into question, as it was in the Crichton Down case, not because he knew what happened or approved of it, but because parliament rightly insists on having a political scapegoat when things go wrong. A Minister must not only satisfy his colleagues in the Cabinet, but he must also broadly satisfy parliament about the way in which his department is run. He must be able to justify any action on the part of his officials which is criticised, or take the consequences. If the mistake is a small one, an apology by the Minister, coupled with an assurance that he has taken steps to prevent its recurrence, will generally suffice. But if the error is a major one, either of policy or of administration, the Minister will usually be forced to resign. Although this principle may often work great personal hardship on a Minister in matters where his responsibility was only nominal, it is fundamental to our whole conception of cabinet government, and any deviation from it would be a grave constitutional mistake.

Limitations of Ministerial Responsibility

The limitations of the doctrine of ministerial responsibility were discussed in the House of Commons during the debate on Crichton Down in July. Mr. Herbert Morrison expressed the view that a Minister need not always defend his officials in public, and he mentioned that on one occasion he had, as a Minister, publicly castigated in parliament an official of his department who had failed to carry out his instructions. Usually, however, the Minister accepts responsibility for the acts of his officials even when he does not approve of them. The present Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmer, who was then Home Secretary, agreed broadly with Mr. Morrison's view that a Minister is under no obligation to endorse what he believes to be wrong or to defend the manifest errors of his officers. He need not approve of action which he knew nothing about and of which he disapproves—but he will nevertheless remain constitutionally responsible to parliament for the fact that something has gone wrong, and can be called to account for it.

The counterpart of the Minister's responsibility to parliament is his power to dismiss, transfer, promote, or demote his officials, subject only to obtaining the approval of the Prime Minister in respect of the three or four most senior posts in each department. In the Crichton Down case the Minister took no action of this kind, and this may have been one of the reasons which led to pressure for his own resignation. Subsequently the Prime Minister invited a small committee, consisting of two eminent retired civil servants and a business man, to consider

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Formosa

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

A Royal Visit

WHEN Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret pays her ceremonial visit to the West Indies next week she will be going to a wide-flung though thinly populated area which has had a chequered history as part of the British Commonwealth. Of the islands that she is to see the largest and most prosperous is Trinidad which was not acquired by Britain until 1802. Trinidad owes its comparative prosperity to the discovery of oil there at the turn of the twentieth century and the oil industry, together with pitch, have supplemented the cultivation of cocoa and sugar. The oldest possession which she will visit is Barbados, which was first settled by a proprietary syndicate in 1626, though it was afterwards acquired by the Crown. Antigua was settled in 1632, the Bahamas in 1646, and Jamaica was conquered by an expedition launched by Oliver Cromwell against the Spaniards in 1655 (the island therefore celebrates a tercentenary later this year). Grenada, with a modest population, was also obtained from France, but in the eighteenth century.

Such are the principal islands which the Princess is to visit. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the islands formed a valuable part of the British Empire. In the seventeenth century it was said that Barbados was the brightest jewel in the British Crown. Not only were the islands important for the growth of tobacco and sugar, but they were useful as centres of an elaborate smuggling trade with the Spanish Empire. The war between the smugglers and the Spanish Guardacostas was one of the highlights of eighteenth-century colonial history. And for many years the British Government valued the settlements in the West Indies above those on the mainland of North America. The West Indian interest or lobby was extremely influential in the eighteenth century and has been the subject of deep historical study.

But with the development of agriculture and industry in the United States, Cuba and elsewhere, the old order changed. West Indian tobacco plantations ceased to have much significance and the sugar industry was subjected to the icy blasts of world competition. In more modern times the West Indies have been developed as holiday resorts with luxury hotels becoming earners of dollars. The climate of many of the islands is suitable as a winter resort for the well-to-do, as the temperature ranges between 70 and 80 degrees and there is no chill in the evenings. On the other hand, while the price of sugar is protected both by a Commonwealth and an international agreement the industry is not entirely insulated and recently the price of sugar in the free market has been low. This, and other reasons, have made for poverty and unrest. A recent broadcaster about Antigua, for example, stated that 'in spite of the colour, the gaiety, the infectious friendliness of the people, poverty underlies everything here'. There is a low standard of living and often great squalor. The Archbishop of York who visited the West Indies lately noted that 'wretched housing, malnutrition, tuberculosis, and long periods of unemployment are the results of poverty'. Hence the large numbers of West Indians now entering this country, threatening to create a colour problem over here. In the West Indies themselves there is virtually no colour bar, and Colonial Development and Welfare legislation has provided some £30,000,000 for the use of the islands since 1940. But the problem of poverty—and of illiteracy—is severe and communism is said to be rife. Behind the loveliness of the islands with their charming calypso singers and brightly lit resorts for the wealthy lies a situation the dangers of which are easy to detect.

AMERICAN POLICY TOWARDS China was discussed at length by many commentators last week. The American proposal that the United Nations should try to bring about a cease-fire in the Formosa strait was described by the Chinese Nationalist press in Hong Kong as 'inconceivable and absurd'. Broadcasts from Communist China maintained that the 'liberation' of the island of Yi Kiang Shen was proof of their intention of 'liberating' Formosa.

Discussing the possibilities of a truce which would guarantee the Chinese mainland from Nationalist attacks, and guarantee Formosa and the adjoining Pescadores Islands against Communist attack, the Australian newspaper, the *Courier Mail*, was quoted as saying that such a truce could well satisfy both America's strategic interests and Communist China's prestige. The Liberal Swedish *Stockholms Tidningen* was quoted for the view that Chinese Communist attacks on the Tachen Islands were 'probably explained by the need of the Communists to gain a prestige victory'. From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as expressing the hope that the American proposals would open the way for a general Far Eastern settlement. From the United States the *New York Herald Tribune*, seeing no reason why the Chinese Nationalists should be alarmed by the American proposal, was quoted as saying:

A cease-fire would mean the end of plans for a fighting return to the mainland. Yet the Nationalists have obtained from the U.S. a firm guarantee of Formosa. . . . A cease-fire in this area would not be a solution to the Chinese problem, but it would create the conditions in which a solution may ultimately be found.

Broadcasters in Italy were among many western commentators to draw attention to the calm with which the news of the Communist seizure of one island had been received in Washington and of the moderation and restraint of present American policy.

The Soviet offer to help China and the communist states of eastern Europe to develop atomic energy was—together with continued warnings against German rearmament—the major topic in Moscow and satellite broadcasts. According to a Chinese broadcast on this 'sincere and selfless' offer, the Soviet Union now holds first place in the development of nuclear physics. A typical comment from Moscow—where *Pravda*, on January 23, published the first photographs of Russia's atomic power station (without mentioning where the station was)—was a broadcast quoting *Pravda*:

The peoples of the whole world unanimously support the noble struggle of the Soviet Union for the prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons, the struggle to possess the vast power of the atom and place it at the service of peace and progress for the benefit and happiness of mankind.

Broadcast after broadcast contrasted this 'noble Soviet struggle' to confine the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes with alleged American plans for an atomic war. In eulogising the 'unprecedented' Soviet offer, the satellite radios made no mention of the fact that the United States and Britain have already offered nuclear material for use in atomic power plant research in foreign countries. According to a Polish broadcast, 'United States ruling circles recognise only one form of making their experience accessible to their allies'—the setting up of 'atomic bases' abroad:

The U.S.A. jealously guards its atomic secrets and refuses its closest allies any help whatsoever in the field of atomic research.

All the east European countries affected by the Soviet offer quoted or brought to the microphone nuclear physicists or engineers to explain the value of the offer to their countries. Bulgarian broadcasts emphasised that the offer was 'yet further proof of the great progress made by Soviet science, whose achievements in the field of atomic energy have surpassed by far the researches in the capitalist countries'. A Czechoslovak broadcast pointed out that the American imperialists busy 'preparing a crime against humanity' were ready under the 'hateful' Paris agreements even to 'hand the atomic weapon over to the revenge-seeking Hitlerite murderers'. The east German radio interviewed Professor Havemann, who asked his 'brother scientists' in western Germany whether the time had not come for them to take the road 'to peace' rather than take part in 'the atomic centre which the U.S.A. intends to set up in western Europe', whose discoveries would end 'in the safes of the American atomic strategists'.

Did You Hear That?

AMENITIES OF A NEW TOWN

SPEAKING OF HER EXPERIENCES when living in the new town of Newton Aycliffe LADY BEVERIDGE said in the course of a Home Service talk: 'It is now nearly three years since I lived in my new town. Since then, by the mere passage of time with continuous industry, the whole picture has changed. The roads are practically all made, and nearly 2,000 houses are occupied by nearly 6,000 people. There are many grandparents, and delightful small houses for old-age pensioners. Still the number of children under five is very much above the normal; indeed, there are 850 of them now. Some perambulator parade! But then there are seventeen or eighteen shops already to take them to and soon there will be thirty-eight more. For those between five and eleven there are two fine new schools, and a third is under way for the eleven- to fifteen-year-olds. The church now nearing completion will be consecrated in a few months' time.

'The houses vary from two-bedroomed houses to three- and four-bedroomed houses; and though they all have to conform to the limits laid down by the government, they display an amazing variety of design, both inside and out.

'Nowadays in new houses everywhere the questions of the fire in the sitting-room and the provision of hot water for the kitchen and the bathroom are main considerations. In the little house where I lived, as, I think, in all the others, the sitting-room had an open fire, with the hot-water boiler behind it, which not only provided the hot water at the sink and in the bathroom but also for a number of radiators throughout the house. The houses were really central-heated. Every house in Newton Aycliffe has a garden, and the houses are separated by open, grassy spaces. With the disappearance of the bull-dozer it has become a garden city.

'The most remarkable thing of all is that the town consists entirely of residents with the services they require. There is not a single factory or workshop anywhere in it. They are all placed in the trading estate not far off and one is hardly aware of their existence'.

THE REAL BAGHDAD

ANTHONY MINOPRIO, whose firm has been asked to prepare a town-planning scheme for Baghdad, spoke about the city in a talk in 'The Eye-witness': 'I think to most people the name Baghdad conjures up pictures of the Arabian Nights, the Forty Thieves, and Harun al-Rashid listening to the tales of a glamorous Scheherazade. It is a romantic picture, so I was a little surprised to find that the real Baghdad is a bustling, modern town of 900,000 people, larger than Liverpool, with an airport, at least one skyscraper, and the same car-parking and traffic congestion problems as we have in London.

'The first city of Baghdad was built by Harun al-Rashid's grandfather in A.D. 762. The city was circular and was called the Abode of Peace, a most inappropriate name as it turned out. The modern town is more than ten miles long, on both banks of the Tigris and is surrounded by dykes, called bunds, to prevent the annual floods from entering the city. There are few really old buildings in Baghdad. Most are of the nineteenth century or later, in the Persian or Turkish style, flat-roofed, of yellow brick, with overhanging balconies, pillared courtyards, and carved doorways. The narrow, winding streets are often no more than five feet wide. The main shopping area, Rashid Street, which runs through the town from north to south, is jammed by slow-moving traffic with harassed policemen blowing their

whistles. A walk along Rashid Street is always exciting, as you never know whom or what you will meet on the narrow, colonnaded pavements. You might see a Kurd in turban and baggy trousers, a porter carrying an immense wardrobe by a strap around his forehead, or a Baghdadi leading a horse. You would see few women completely veiled.

'Baghdad mosques, with their Persian tiled minarets and golden or turquoise domes, are most attractive. Another typically eastern feature is the bazaar—a network of narrow lanes where each guild has its own street and where you can watch the craftsmen making gold bangles, shoes, or copper jugs.

'Already new roads, bridges, and drainage schemes are in progress and buildings are going up everywhere, including Houses of Parliament and a new palace for the young king, Feisal II. Now, my partners and I have to co-

ordinate all these new developments into our plan. Wide streets, parks, and shopping centres must be planned in the old congested quarters, and model factory and housing areas on the fringe of the city where now are matting huts and herds of Indian buffaloes. At the same time we have to do this without destroying the Arab character of the town'.

BOOKS FROM MEXICO

Nearly 2,000 volumes on all sorts of subjects are on view at the Mexican Book Exhibition at the National Book League's headquarters in London. HARDIMAN SCOTT, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in the Home Service.

'Most of the books to be seen', he said, 'are modern, but that does not mean that Mexico is new to books; in fact, she is the oldest publishing country in the New World. Cortés and his Spaniards landed in Mexico in March 1519, and within eighteen years a book press was at work. A famous Seville printer sent a printing press there in 1537. The first book produced was translated from the Latin; it is not in this exhibition, but a very early one is—about the seventh to be published in Mexico.



Rashid Street, the main shopping centre of Baghdad



A craftsman in brass in a Baghdad bazaar
Shell Photographic Unit

It bears the imprint 1544 and describes how to make religious processions. Indeed, most of the early books were religious, although rather surprisingly there is one dated 1587 on nautical instructions—how to build ships and how to sail them—and illustrated with drawings. In those early days education for women was somewhat rare, so it is surprising that the period produced one of Mexico's finest poets: Juana Inés de la Cruz. She wrote in the middle of the seventeenth century and there are modern editions of her complete works.

'For such an old book-producing country, Mexico has always been faced with the difficult problem of illiteracy. There are so many Indian languages for one thing, and only in this century have there been real literacy campaigns. Even in 1950, over forty-two per cent. of the population was illiterate, but educational progress is rapid and it is helped by over 1,500 libraries. There are books on educational methods and technique to be seen in the exhibition, and there are novels and reproductions of paintings, which show that the modern artists are worthy of the fine traditions of the past. And that past is especially shown in the Selden Roll, borrowed from the Bodleian Library, covered with ferocious primitive Indian figures, almost like the creations of a surrealist painter. It pictures vividly such things as men's heads growing out of trees and cacti; sacrificial victims dancing with a red gash on their chests to signify that their hearts have been cut out, plumed serpents, and other strange heads'.

A REMARKABLE PLANT

'From the motor road at Jaintiapur', said F. KINGDON-WARD in a Third Programme talk, 'we had been ferried by dugout across the shallow swamps to the foot of the cliff. Above us lay the Khasi Plateau. We climbed 2,000 feet by the old stone-paved track, up long flights of rough steps. At dusk we found shelter in the empty, echoing Rest House. I knew that the Khasi pitcher plant grew hereabouts. In the brilliant sunshine of an East Indian November morning, within 300 yards of the bungalow, I found the plant I sought. In a grassy clearing, surrounded by forest, was a rock outcrop carpeted with moss and leaf mould.

'This shallow rock was covered with a mass of pitcher plant, its stems partly erect, but mainly prone. As there were only a few small bushes for it to scramble amongst, most of the plant had lain down in a thick spreading heap. The long, slender (but rigid) orchid-like stems, some of which had borne clubs of flowers, grew out of the tangle in every direction. They were about three feet long. From beneath them peeped corruption and death, in the shape of ragged brown leaves and scores of rotten, cracked, and mildewed pitchers. But all round the edge of the thicket, and above, grew young stems, quick with life. Clothed with fresh leaves and new, apple-green pitchers, flushed cherry red, they sprang up vigorously.

'It is not the flowers of this plant but the pitchers which immediately rivet one's attention. In any case, the flowers were well over; they open during the rains. The pitchers develop from the leaves. For a minute or two I stood looking in silent wonder at one of the most remarkable plants in the world; and noted that there were pitchers in every stage of development, from a tiny disc at the apex of a leaf to a full-size pitcher dangling at the end of an eighteen-inch cord. Except for the pitcher and supporting cord, the leaf looks like hundreds of other leaves.

'Each pitcher begins as a tiny disc, like a green button at the end of a short thread. This appears as soon as the midrib has grown beyond the tip of the young leaf. Gradually the disc inflates itself, swelling slowly like a pale-green, toy balloon. When it has reached a certain diameter, it grows longer rather than broader, eventually assuming a

pitcher shape—about six inches long by two across. It has a sealed lip. Meanwhile, the suspending thread grows fast, and being sensitive to contact, may take a turn round any convenient support, thus helping to carry the weight of the mature pitcher which must otherwise rest on the ground. Finally, the lid separates about three-quarters of the way round leaving a hinge—and opens.

'The lip of the finished pitcher is smooth, and curved inwards like the railings which surround a prohibited area—the chief difference being that the inquisitive are enticed to enter the pitcher. In fact, the involute rim is designed to keep creatures in—not to prevent them from entering. The inside of the pitcher is also smooth, and slippery. It is beset with glands, visible to the naked eye as tiny, circular dots. Some of these secrete honey (which attracts insects and other creatures); others glands, near the base, secrete a juice which digests organic matter. These secretions, together with clear water, collect at the base of the pitcher, sometimes to a depth of an inch or two. The liquid has a slightly salty flavour; and into this Pool of Siloam creatures tumble while trying to obtain free board and lodging. Unable to get out they are drowned. No sooner are they dead than the soft parts are gradually digested and absorbed'.



Pitcher plant collected by Mr. Kingdon-Ward in the Khasi Hills, Assam. The pitcher-like appendages can be seen on the end of the leaves

SWAGGERING DICK

'Tommyfield', said A. ROYDS in 'The Northcountryman', 'is the name which Oldhamers give to their open-air market. And, on Tommyfield, Towfee Billy sold Swaggering Dicks.

'If you have never seen a Swaggering Dick, I should explain that it is a confection something like a cross between a peppermint humbug and a stick of Blackpool rock. Towfee Billy had his two great baskets full of these confections. At any rate, his baskets were full when the market opened, but he soon sold out. Not, as you might suppose, because he was a high-pressure sort of a salesman. He just stood close up to the kerb-stone and muttered: "Come on, neau; get yer Swaggerin' Dick 'ere; hawpenny 'uns for th' childer; penny 'uns for th' mothers; an' twopenny 'uns for th' feathers".

'I lived in the same village as Towfee Billy. Its name was Roxbury, on the outskirts of Oldham. Here Towfee Billy lived in a one-roomed cottage which served him both as home and manufactory.

'Boys being what they are, the day came one winter's night when I was about eight or nine years old, when I took my life in my hands and ven-

ured to spy on the old man at work. There was sugar being boiled in a great brass pan, just like the one my grandmother regularly used in the jamming season. Then I saw Towfee Billy pour out this molten mass from the pan and on to the table top. Lava from Etna could not have been more fascinating to my young eyes. Then followed a cooling period. I saw Towfee Billy take up the huge dollop of cooling sugar and, after adding flavouring to it, sling it on a massive brass hook fixed to a wooden partition. Now followed a stretching process. In a rope Towfee Billy pulled the sugar. Then back on the hook it went again, to be pulled out again, and so on, till it was judged to have the right texture. When satisfied with his manipulation, Towfee Billy dumped the whole mass back again on the table top and rolled it and rolled it till it formed a long snake of diminishing thickness. From the thin end of the snake, lengths were cut off by Towfee Billy snipping with a massive pair of shears.

'If ever you happen to see Swaggering Dick made nowadays, you will probably find that, in essentials, Towfee Billy's processes are still followed. True, modern confectioners have hygienic machinery to do the job. Towfee Billy had no machinery. Come to think of it, he hadn't much hygiene, either'.

Charitable Bequests

By H. G. HANBURY

THE instinct to give financial aid for the furtherance of a cause of which one approves is as old as human nature itself. Sometimes a man wishes to have the pleasure of seeing with his own eyes a scheme dear to his heart coming to fruition, and then he will execute a deed whereby he parts in his lifetime with a portion of his capital. There is, perhaps, a growing tendency to adopt this course in order to minimise the amount of death duties. But more often he will be content with posthumous benefaction, and it will fall to his executors to consider whether they may safely carry out the terms of the will. Their power to do so may be challenged from two distinct quarters. The residuary legatee or next of kin may claim the fund on the ground that the bequest is not charitable according to the law, and offends against the rule, from which charities are exempt, that property must not, for more than a certain period, be rendered inalienable. Charities are exempt, also, from the payment of income tax. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue would be failing in their duty to the state were they not to scrutinise a bequest in the hope of finding a flaw which will prevent it from being charitable.

The State's Dilemma

The state is placed in a dilemma of conflicting interests. It conduces to the welfare of the community to encourage gifts to charity. On the other hand, the steady and abundant flow of money into the coffers of the Inland Revenue is that community's very life-blood. The Attorney-General, as watch-dog of the interests of the state, is advocate for the charitable intent as against the claims of the residuary legatees or next of kin. But he will be advocate against the charitable intent for the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

Can any general guidance be given to intending donors and testators, whose favoured objects must be many and various, to enable them to avoid the pitfalls that may entrap the unwary? The word 'charitable' is one which seems to the non-lawyer to be very easy of definition, but actually no word in the whole vocabulary of law is more beset with technicalities. Amid the welter of decisions, some of which are only with great difficulty to be reconciled with others, two main principles emerge:

(1) The mere opinion of the testator that a gift is charitable does not make it so; the matter must be decided by the court on the evidence before it.

(2) 'Charitable' means wholly charitable; a gift will fail if its terms give a latitude to the trustees, without breach of trust, to devote the fund wholly or mainly to a non-charitable purpose.

The word 'charity' lacks a statutory definition, and the courts are still thrown back on the archaic enumeration of charitable purposes in the Statute of Elizabeth I of 1601, interpreted by many judicial decisions since that date. Lord Macnaghten simplified matters in 1891 by dividing charitable trusts into four categories: trusts for the relief of poverty; trusts for the advancement of education; trusts for the advancement of religion; trusts for other purposes beneficial to the community, not falling under any of the other three heads. A trust cannot be charitable unless it can fall within one of these four categories. Into none of them can it gain admittance unless it is of a public character. This requirement excludes trusts for private individuals, however numerous.

The practical working of Lord Macnaghten's classification can be demonstrated in the most interesting way by a brief discussion of cases from each category.

Poverty is not synonymous with destitution. Thus a gift for 'ladies of limited means' has been held good. So in *Re Coulthurst* in 1951 the Court upheld a bequest for 'such of the widows and orphaned children of deceased officers and ex-officers' of the bank whom the testator had made the trustee of the fund, 'as the bank shall in its absolute discretion consider by reason of his, her, or their financial circumstances to be most deserving of such assistance'. The compelling words were those which referred to the financial circumstances of the recipients. On the other hand, it is essential that the intended recipients must fall within the designation 'poor'. It is not enough that their

wages are small; and it was laid down in 1954 in *Re Sanders' Will Trusts* that 'the poor' and 'the working classes' are by no means interchangeable expressions, Harman J. pointing out that the distinction was made as early as the beginning of the present century. Finally, though a gift could not qualify for inclusion in this category were it to exclude persons in receipt of public assistance, it will not be refused admittance merely because it will benefit the well-to-do as well as the poor.

In order to fall within the second category, of education, a trust must contain an element of propagation, not mere accumulation of learning, for only in this way can its public character be established. The courts are perhaps showing an increasing tendency to embrace within the fold of education many satellite purposes. Examples of purposes which have been held sufficient are the development of drama and the art of acting, an annual school-treat, which allows children to study the countryside, and the encouragement of chess tournaments. But among authorities on this topic the case of *Re Shaw's Will Trusts* in 1952 must take pride of place. The will was that of Mrs. Charlotte Frances Shaw, who pre-deceased her husband, George Bernard Shaw. The trusts on which her residuary estate was bequeathed were expressed as having for their object the 'bringing of the masterpieces of fine art within the reach of the people of Ireland of all classes in their own country', and 'the teaching, promotion, and encouragement in Ireland of self control, elocution, oratory, deportment, the arts of personal contact, of social intercourse, and the other arts of public, private, professional, and business life'. Vaisey J. aptly summarised the intention as being for the establishment of 'a sort of finishing school for the Irish people'. Some of the specified objects might seem to border on the eccentric, and the practical benefits of others might not be clear, but it is no part of the duty of a judge to approve or disapprove of them. As long as the predominant and overriding purpose was educational, he was justified in holding it to be secure in Lord Macnaghten's second class.

As for the advancement of religion, the law, in all its branches, tends to move steadily in the direction of complete religious toleration and equality. Trusts in favour of almost every sect in Christendom have been upheld; so, as early as 1837, was a trust to enable Jews to practise their religion. It is difficult to believe that trusts for Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Hindu purposes would now be excluded, though in 1923 the charitable designation was denied to a trust for the establishment of a college for training spiritualistic mediums. When we are considering this category, it is of especial importance to remember that the trusts must be exclusively religious, and that they must have a public character. The exigencies of the first requirement will exclude gifts even to a person or body holding a religious office, if it be consistent with his duty as trustee to apply them to purposes which are not religious; those of the second will exclude gifts merely for private prayer, or for a religious order which is purely contemplative.

A Beneficial Object Not Enough

By far the widest range of trusts depend for their validity on their admission into Lord Macnaghten's residual class. Though a trust cannot be charitable unless its objects have a public character, the converse of this proposition is not true. Not all trusts whose purpose is public are charitable. Nor will the mere presence of a beneficial object ensure a charitable character to a gift, for though the backbone of the gift may be charitable, it may have a non-charitable tail, and the courts will look askance at it if there is a fear that the tail may wag the dog.

The number of the cases is legion, and a certain selectiveness must be employed. Many people subscribe to the old saying, 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy', and give effect to their belief in their wills by bequests for the encouragement of sports and games. What line will the courts take? The answer can only be that no certain answer can be given. A sport which is of a purely recreational character is excluded. Thus in a case of 1895 the testator's residuary legatees successfully claimed a fund bequeathed to the Yacht Racing Association for the award of an annual prize for the best yacht of the season.

The result of the decision to include a gift for the encouragement of chess tournaments within Lord Macnaghten's second class may be that all games will be treated as educational, proficiency in which demands intellectual activity. But what of games which conduce not to the intellectual but to the physical well-being of the nation or an appreciable part of it? The chart of decisions is curiously erratic. The Court of Appeal hinted in 1949, without actually deciding, that a bequest for international games would fail. For these, however valuable for their effects, alike on participants and on spectators, have not the immediate object of benefit to the community; shorn of romance and glamour their primary object is spectacular. But games and sport may be regarded as an integral part of the training of a class of the community whose physical well-being is vital to its preservation, and on this ground gifts for sport in a school, and in the Army, have been held to be charitable.

But it may be that these decisions do not rest on so secure a foundation as has been thought, in view of the decision of the House of Lords in 1953 in *Inland Revenue Commissioners v. City of Glasgow Police Association*. The case originated not in a gift by will or by deed, but in a claim by the police athletic association to exemption from income tax. The House carefully scrutinised the purposes of the association. The chief purpose was the increase, through the improved physique of its members, of the efficiency of a body whose robust health is of especial moment to the community. But another purpose, purely recreational, could not be dismissed as merely ancillary, or as a means towards the achievement of the principal purpose; it could not be regarded but as an end in itself, and so disentitling the association to tax exemption as a charity. Time alone can show the extent of the impact of this decision of the highest tribunal upon previous case-law.

A committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Nathan, has recently made an inquiry into the law and practice relating to charitable trusts. It must have been largely with the interests of the Inland Revenue in mind that the majority forbore to recommend the passage of legisla-

tion along the lines of Australian and New Zealand Acts, which in effect allow a trust to be purged of an original non-charitable ingredient by the construction that it shall be treated as if it contained only the purposes which were wholly charitable. The furthest recommendation they would make related to the validation of trusts which took effect before the end of 1952, and which might have been held to be invalidated as the result of two decisions of the courts of 1949.

It was said by Lord Loreburn in 1908 that the courts lean in favour of charity, and will place a benignant construction on gifts that are intended to be charitable. But testators are often the worst enemies of their own projects, and will, by the laxity or rigidity of expressions in their wills, render it impossible for courts to apply the benignant construction which they would desire. Courts are bound by precedents which show that laxity and rigidity of expression are equally dangerous.

It is inevitable that members of the public, interested in such problems, should ask whether there is any discernible trend in modern decisions. I think the answer must be negative. There could hardly be for the circumstances which bring cases before the courts must be as various as the convictions and prejudices of mankind. It is a commonplace that it is imprudent for a man to make his own will. Experience has shown that even the greatest and most successful of equity lawyers have failed as testators. It would seem that it is as dangerous for a lawyer to make his own will as for a dentist to pull out his own tooth. Doubtless and trebly should the necessity for expert advice be urged where a man has the intention of making a charitable gift by deed or will. The likelihood of litigation, though it cannot be eliminated, will thus be considerably lessened. If, instead, a testator light-heartedly ventures unaided into the jungle of charity, his intentions may be thwarted, and even if, in the end, his executors are successful in establishing the validity of his gifts, the price may be high. An ultimate success, perhaps at the cost of obtaining the supreme ruling of the House of Lords, will be but a barren victory if a large part of the estate has been consumed in litigation.—*Third Programme*

The Novel and the Reader—III

Technical Experiment in the Novel

By GRAHAM HOUGH

I SAID at the end of my second talk in this series* that new subject matter was apt to demand new techniques; and I remarked in passing that even the most ancient and traditional kind of story-telling has a far bigger and more varied armoury of technical tricks than is generally supposed. We are so used to them that we hardly notice them; but how many ways are there of telling a story? Quite a number, before we even begin to enter the field of modern technical experiment. The simplest way of doing it, I suppose, is the story in the first person. It is certainly the form that inexperienced narrators most often choose—adolescent novelists have nearly always written in the first person; and it is the simplest because it gets over all the difficulties about the point of view from which the events shall be seen. It is all seen through one pair of eyes, and what they do not see is not in the tale. When Robinson Crusoe is building a fence round his cave on one side of his island, he does not know what is going on on the other side of the island; and, since he is telling the story, what is going on elsewhere cannot come in, unless Crusoe goes to have a look at it for himself. You thus avoid those awkward transitions that often cause difficulty in early fiction, all those places where you have to leave the hero gagged and bound on the Dover Road while you dodge back to Devonshire where the heroine is simultaneously having an argument with her stepmother.

Robinson Crusoe is a particularly simple example because most of the time it has so few characters; but it is noticeable that even in his other books Defoe, who slipped into writing fiction more or less by accident and I presume therefore by the easiest route, always chose this form of the imaginary life-history in the first person.

Another favourite early device was the letter form—the story told through an imaginary correspondence. It is not a good way of telling a story of adventure, but if you want to describe sentiment and analyse a character from the inside, it is a very good way; and Samuel Richardson in the early days of the novel used it for this purpose. This form con-

tinues, on and off, throughout the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and is sometimes used even at the present day.

Another very obvious device—so obvious that it is hardly noticed as a device at all—is the all-knowing narrator, the story-teller to whom all doors are open and the secrets of all hearts revealed. He knows not only of the hero's passion for the heroine, but also what the hero himself does not know—that she reciprocates his feeling in secret; and even what nobody else knows—the plot that the villain is hatching against their happiness in the privacy of his thoughts. And he exposes all these things to the reader. Of course this is a frank convention; there could be nobody in life who knew all these things, who could take the roofs off half a dozen people's houses and see what they are up to when they are by themselves; but we are accustomed to it and we accept it. Sometimes this god-like narrator makes himself obvious, as Thackeray does, for example. He comes before the curtain and discusses the characters and comments on them, and sometimes even discusses them as puppets whom he is manipulating according to his own pleasure.

We are apt to feel nowadays that this is a rather primitive form of story-telling, and that it breaks the illusion to have the novelist openly talking to you in this way, instead of letting the characters simply unfold themselves. And this gives us our first example of how new subject matter can bring about a shift to new technical methods. One of the marks of the modern novel, and perhaps of the modern way of looking at things in general, is an increasing psychological complexity. In life this shows itself in a dozen ways—in the treatment of children, for example; in the attempt to discover how far a criminal was really responsible for his actions. In the novel it shows itself in the attempt by the novelist to enter more fully into his characters, not just to see them from the outside, as a mere observer. This means that the all-knowing narrator who tells us about his characters tends to disappear; instead of this, the characters must reveal themselves, by action and

by speech. And this has a great many consequences for the general shape and appearance of our fiction.

In the first place, you do not often find nowadays the neat little descriptions by which, in older fiction, a new character is introduced. You know the sort of thing; this, for example, from *Pride and Prejudice*:

Mrs. Bennet was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Results First, Evidence Afterwards

And there you have Mrs. Bennet, neatly pinned and labelled at the beginning, before she has had any chance to show these qualities in action. A modern novelist would be unlikely to do this; he would feel obliged to show you Mrs. Bennet being discontented and fancying herself nervous, to demonstrate her mean understanding by her conversation, to show by her actions what the real interests of her life were. Jane Austen does all that afterwards; but she gives you the results before she has given you the evidence, so to speak. The modern novelist would almost feel that it was cheating to give an intellectual judgement like this in advance of the facts. Compare Jane Austen's treatment of Mrs. Bennet with Virginia Woolf's treatment of Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*:

'But it may be fine—I expect it will be fine', said Mrs. Ramsay, making some little twist of the reddish-brown stocking she was knitting, impatiently. If she finished it tonight, if they did go to the lighthouse after all, it was to be given to the lighthouse keeper for his little boy, who was threatened with a tuberculosis hip; together with a pile of old magazines and some tobacco, indeed whatever she could find lying about, not really wanted, but only littering the room, to give those poor fellows who must be bored to death sitting with nothing to do all day but polish the lamp and trim the wick and rake about on their scrap of garden, something to amuse them. For how would you like to be shut up for a whole month at a time, and possibly more in stormy weather, upon a rock the size of a tennis lawn? she would ask, and to have no letters or newspapers, and to see nobody; if you were married, not to see your wife, not to know how your children were—if they were ill, if they had fallen down and broken their legs or arms. . . . How would you like that, she asked, addressing herself particularly to her daughters. So, she added, rather differently, one must take them whatever comforts one can.

That does not tell us in so many words what we are to think about Mrs. Ramsay; but already we feel we know a good deal about her; and what we know we know a good deal more intimately than if we had merely been told it; we already begin to have a little of the feeling of this lady's personality, just as though we had been in her presence for five minutes.

In some ways the old method of the neat introductory description is a great advantage. You know whom you are meeting, what they are like, what you are to think about them. An opinion I have often heard about modern novels is that their opening chapters are so confusing. You are not told who the characters are, and it takes a long time to get them all straight and have them clear in your mind. People are often rather apologetic about saying this, but I think they are perfectly right. The thing to be said on the other side is that this confused, gradual growth of understanding is much more like the way we get to know other people in actual life. You are not introduced to a stranger with the words, 'I do so want you to meet Mrs. Bennet; she has a mean understanding and an uncertain temper; the business of her life is to get her daughters married . . .'. No; you are not told this; you have to pick up these facts, if you ever do, by your own observation as you go along. And that is what the modern novelist generally makes you do. In fact he gives you a little more trouble, but if he is a good novelist he involves you a good deal more intimately in the life of his book.

One result of this is that actual scenes and conversations play a much more important part in modern novels, as against mere descriptions and accounts of things given by an outside observer. In this way the novel is becoming more like drama, where everything has to be shown in actual encounters between people, in what they say and do, and the dramatist cannot come before the curtain and tell you what you ought to think about it all. Henry James, who is one of the great technical masters of the modern novel, came in the end to the view that whatever cannot be dramatised, whatever cannot appear in actual scenes and conversations between people, must be cut out of the book altogether. Henry James may not be your cup of tea, and in the long run, I must confess, he is not mine. I find his characters extremely limited and

most of their problems a good deal less important than he thinks them to be; but, all the same, one cannot help being lost in admiration for the way he does it all. And one of his greatest gifts is this power of putting you right in the middle of a scene instead of merely telling you about it from the outside. However, I cannot quote from Henry James, he is too long-winded. Instead let me quote the beginning of a short story by Katherine Mansfield, which will illustrate my point:

He stood at the hall door turning the ring, turning the heavy signet ring upon his little finger while his glance travelled coolly, deliberately, over the round tables and basket chairs scattered about the glassed-in veranda. He pursed his lips—he might have been going to whistle—but he did not whistle—only turned the ring—turned the ring on his pink, freshly washed hands.

Over in the corner sat the Two Topknots, drinking a decoction they always drank at this hour—something whitish, greyish, in glasses, with little husks floating on the top—and rooting in a tin full of paper shavings for pieces of speckled biscuit, which they broke, dropped into the glasses and fished for with spoons. Their two coils of knitting, like two snakes, slumbered beside the tray.

The American woman sat where she always sat against the glass wall, in the shadow of a great creeping thing with wide open purple eyes that pressed, that flattened itself against the glass, hungrily watching her. And she knew it was there—she knew it was looking at her just that way. She played up to it, she gave herself little airs . . . It was on the other side of the veranda, after all . . . and besides it couldn't touch her, could it, Klaymongso? She was an American woman, wasn't she, Klaymongso, and she'd just go right away to her consul. Klaymongso, curled in her lap, with her torn antique brocade bag, a grubby handkerchief, and a pile of letters from home on top of him, sneezed for reply.

We are given no introductory information, you see, about the setting or the characters. The scene, I take it, is some sort of hotel lounge. The Two Topknots (this must be a nickname, mustn't it, probably the nickname given to them by the hero or heroine of the story)—the Two Topknots are two funny old women, whose odd drinks and biscuits and knitting seem to be the only things that matter about them; the American woman is evidently slightly dotty, and the great creeping thing outside the window is a figment of her imagination. Klaymongso is a small dog, Pekingese or Pomeranian. As for the 'he' with whom the piece begins, and who is presumably the central character in it, we do not as yet know anything about him except that he has a signet ring and clean, pink hands. No doubt we shall get to know these people better later on; at present they are vague and almost anonymous: and this may be found irritating: but how strongly this fragmentary, rather dream-like opening can affect you, give you the feeling of actually participating in the scene, not merely being told about it.

Another problem that arises as soon as you begin to desert the simplest kind of narrative is the business of time. In the *Robinson Crusoe* sort of story this does not cause any trouble. It is a story of adventure and it is the story of one man; and you begin at the beginning and go on till you get to the end. But it can cause all sorts of snags, and we have already met one of the simpler ones: how are you going to describe simultaneous events happening in different places, without a great deal of awkward shifting and gear-changing? Early novelists usually make rather heavy weather of this and the modern novelist generally avoids the situation altogether. But the modern novelist is also much bolder with time, and in order to present some of the complexities of our inner life he does all sorts of tricks with it.

'Theatrical Revelations'

It is true that in one way our life begins at the beginning and goes on to the end, the push-chair comes before school certificate, Monday comes before Tuesday, and breakfast comes before lunch. But the whole point and meaning of what we are doing may depend on something that we did the previous Monday, or twenty years ago. If you begin a story with a woman tearing up and burning a pile of letters, the real significance of that act must be looked for in her meeting with the writer of the letters, perhaps years before. Again the older novelists generally made a good deal of fuss about this; think how many theatrical revelations, rather stagily dug up from the past, there are in Dickens' novels. The modern novelist is much less worried by it; if the events of twenty years ago have meaning for his characters he will present them as immediately and actually as the events of today: he will switch, that is to say, from one time-scheme to another, quite suddenly, and often without telling you what he is doing.

Aldous Huxley was so impressed by the curious pattern that events may make apart from their ordinary time sequence that he wrote a whole novel—*Point Counter Point*—consisting of short sections or

incidents, not put together in the order in which they happened, but because of some striking similarity or some surprising contrast between them. It looked like a muddle at first, but in the end a pattern did emerge, and the lives and personalities of a large and varied group of characters became surprisingly clear. When they started, these tricks with time were extremely puzzling; but by now we are all familiar at any rate with the simpler ones. Even the most un-critical cinema-goer knows a flash-back when he sees one and knows exactly what it means.

Influence of the Cinema

The mention of the cinema brings it to my mind that the film, too, has had a considerable influence on the novel of the twentieth century; just as the stage play did on the novel of Dickens' day. I think it has worked like this. In the early days, the film simply used the technique of old-fashioned fiction: you put everything in, and you put it in in the order in which it happened. The novel said, 'He walked downstairs, through the front door and out into the street'. And the old films dutifully followed suit, and showed him going clump, clump, clump down every stair, walking across the hall, fumbling with the door-knob, and finally emerging into the open air. Then the infinite flexibility of the film was discovered—it was discovered that you could photograph hundreds of feet, save only the most effective bits, put them together and cut out all the dull intervening matter. The modern film will show a character indoors, and a moment later out on the street; but it will not bother to follow him all down the stairs unless there is some particular point in doing so. The novel began to learn from the film to do its cutting in the same way. First a great deal of the 'he said', 'she replied thoughtfully', and all that sort of thing disappeared; and long passages of dialogue are presented more or less on their own. Needless transitions were cut out, and the scene would shift both time and place without comment or explanation; the rather heavy machinery by which the old-fashioned novel would indicate the passage of three years, or a voyage to Australia, goes altogether.

If you take a contemporary story with considerable variety of characters and scenes—one of Graham Greene's 'entertainments', *Stamboul Train*, for example—the effect you get is of a series of separate shots, some bright, some sombre, but all extremely vivid, and all the more so because of the absence of padding or framework. Each one, too, seen from the point of view of its own chief character: Coral Musker, the young variety artist, going off to a job in Istanbul, ill and cold and half afraid of the journey and her fellow passengers, remembering the goose-market in Nottingham where she comes from and furtive, after-theatre adventures in London; Myatt, the Jewish currant merchant, looking at Coral Musker in the present, remembering other girls like her in the past, and thinking about a business deal in the future—we enter the mind of each one of them in turn, and see successive bits of the journey through their eyes.

This brings me to what is probably the greatest technical experiment of the modern novel: the attempt to represent directly the inner lives, the thoughts and feelings of its characters. A great deal of this is familiar to us now, just as the time-tricks have been familiarised by the cinema flashback; but the original experiments were fairly startling. Think, first, how our older novelists approached this problem. Certainly they were apt to assume that they knew the secrets of all hearts; but then, for the most part, they proceeded to translate the secrets into their own language. Take Thackeray, for example: he is describing Amelia Osborne, who has gone to join her soldier-husband, George, with his regiment before the Waterloo campaign. She is pretty and innocent, and everybody likes her. And Thackeray goes on:

She had a little triumph, which flushed her spirits and made her eyes sparkle. George was proud of her popularity, and pleased with the manner in which she received the gentlemen's attentions. And he in his uniform, how much handsomer he was than any man in the room! She felt that he was affectionately watching her, and glowed with pleasure at his kindness. 'I will make all his friends welcome', she resolved in her heart. 'I will love all as I love him. I will always try to be gay and good-humoured and make his home happy'.

Natural and charming, and surely Amelia did think just like this: but surely she did not think it in anything like these terms. We do not in moments of excitement think as clearly as this; and we certainly do not translate our thoughts into neat epigrammatic sentences: 'I will love all as I love him'.

Now let us listen to another lady, also in military surroundings; she is talking to herself, recalling the old days when as a girl she had lived with her family in the garrison at Gibraltar:

O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea crimson sometime like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda garden yes and all the queer little streets and the pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a flower of the mountain yes when I put a rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his head was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

I expect you found that understandable enough as I read it; but when it first appeared in print in 1922 it was thought to be a most revolutionary piece of writing. In the first place, there is no punctuation whatever on the printed page; then there are very few completed sentences—a great deal of the writing consists of detached phrases or sentences that trail off without a conclusion; and, lastly, although the expression is extremely colloquial, even vulgar, the total effect is one of beauty and poetry. What James Joyce is trying to do (the passage I have quoted is the concluding passage of *Ulysses*) is to present the actual process of thinking to oneself, not merely the results. Aimless undirected meditation of this kind does not work in complete sentences: it proceeds in jumps and flashes, by pictures rather than by ideas, guided by feeling rather than by thought—and we have here in *Ulysses* one of the first systematic attempts to put these half-conscious processes into writing. I rather doubt whether *Ulysses* is a novel in the ordinary sense of the word; but Joyce is the most fantastically accomplished writer of English prose, and his experiments in this direction have been among the most powerful influences on modern English fiction. And although we may all be getting a bit tired of it by now, this attempt to represent the stream of consciousness, as it has been called directly has been one of the modern novelist's most powerful new weapons. Some of Virginia Woolf's latest books, for example (not, to my mind, the most successful ones) use this method entirely.

I am not going to pretend that *Ulysses* is an easy book to read; on the contrary, it is still difficult, in spite of all the commentaries that have been written on it. And Joyce did not care about this; in his later work he cared even less, he said, in fact, that he expected his readers to devote their whole lives to the task of understanding him. Well, most of us have other things to do; and it is surely an odd and unfortunate situation when the most brilliant and powerful and original writers simply do not care how obscure and incomprehensible they are.

Making Use of the "Tricks"

The same thing has happened with other people, too, and in other departments of literature, and it has all contributed to the impression that there are two kinds of writers—the experimental writers whom you hardly expect to understand and the ordinary writers from whom you expect no surprises. I do not think that this is a good state of affairs, or at least I do not think it would be a good state of affairs if it lasted too long; but fortunately it does not last long. One of the most striking things to me about recent relationships between writers and readers is how quickly the new experiments become familiar, how soon the new techniques are absorbed. If you take a clever contemporary novel, of a kind, say, that does not make any very heavy demands on the reader—say one of Nigel Balchin's able presentations of war-time or post-war life, or one of Graham Greene's entertainments—you will find that all the technical devices that I have been describing today are employed: tricks with time, cinematic cutting, the stream of consciousness—they are all there, all the things that the lonely experimental writers of thirty years ago boldly attempted are now, perhaps in slightly simplified forms, perfectly familiar to the reader from the ordinary circulating library. So, to sum up, I think we are at the end of a period of rich and varied experiment in the novel; we have now learnt all the tricks—and all that remains to be seen is what we are going to do with them.—*Home Service*

The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television (Vol. IX. No. 2, British agents: Cambridge University Press) contains an article on 'Shakespeare on TV' by Marvin Rosenberg. Four American productions are described: 'Hamlet' (playing for 108 minutes less 'plugs for Mother's Day cards', etc.), 'Othello' (one hour less 'commercials'), 'King Lear' produced by Peter Brook and starring Orson Welles, and 'Richard II' with Maurice Evans. A reviewer noted that 'TV audiences seemed especially to enjoy "Richard II" because the story was unfamiliar to them, and they did not know how it was going to come out'.

The Ethics of Art Exhibitions

By ELLIS WATERHOUSE

IT seems to some of those who are responsible for the safe keeping of great works of art that the present habit of Old Master exhibitions, and particularly international exhibitions, is beginning to get a hold on their organisers in the same way that laudanum got hold of the nurses of the Victorian age. And so I think the moment has come to consider the ethics of this habit.

The first international loan exhibition was decidedly a forced loan. It was Napoleon's Louvre, filled with the artistic spoils of Italy and the Low Countries. It was far and away the best exhibition which has ever been held; it was publicly displayed for the benefit of artists and the public; and even visiting British artists wept tears when they saw it being packed up for return to its original owners. But it was not organised by persons deeply concerned with the safety and conservation of works of art.

The holding of loan exhibitions of Old Masters began in London in 1806 and in Edinburgh in 1819; these were organised by the collecting classes themselves and ostensibly 'for the benefit of artists'—but all the pictures came from native British sources; the sending of Old Masters to exhibitions abroad does not seem to have occurred to anyone—at least in England—until the end of the last century. It begins with a very special occasion, the tercentenary of the birth of Van Dyck, an artist equally associated with Antwerp and London. The Van Dyck exhibition in 1899 included a most generous contribution from British collections. The London art trade was quick to see the possibility of this new idea, and arranged a selection of British works sold to their clients for the Royal Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Up to the war of 1914, however, only two international art exhibitions were held in which demands were made on anything but the (not always disinterested) generosity of private owners, and for pictures whose age and condition might rouse misgivings about their being moved. Both these exhibitions are landmarks in the history of scholarship: one was the exhibition of Flemish Primitives held at Bruges in 1902; and the other, of French Primitives, was held at the Bibliothèque National in Paris in 1904.

Both of these were held under the official auspices of the Governments respectively of Belgium and France. They were by no means planned merely to give pleasure, but to increase knowledge in fields in which most was to be gained by the direct



'Fêtes Vénitiennes', by Watteau (1684-1721): lent to the exhibition, 'Eighteenth-century European Masters', now at the Royal Academy, by the National Gallery of Scotland



'Le Garçon Cabaretier' ('The Cellar Boy'), by Chardin (1699-1779), which, together with 'The Scullery Maid', has been lent to the Royal Academy exhibition by Glasgow University

comparison in one spot of many pictures floating round under the wildest attributions. It is certainly not too much to say that our present knowledge of both Flemish and French Primitives is fundamentally based on the study these two exhibitions made possible. They were justified by their results, although a number of pictures were lent which their modern custodians would no longer allow away from their native home. Another result also was that a number of private owners found themselves in possession of pictures by much less eminent artists than they had previously supposed. But prices were not then what they are now, and the motives for collecting pictures were also often different.

Between the wars a new kind of international loan exhibition began to appear; a large collection of Old Masters of a single national school was sent over by the nation concerned and the exhibition was rounded out by loans from other sources nearer home. In England a pale beginning was made with a Spanish exhibition held at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1920-21, and this was followed, from 1927 to 1932 at two-yearly intervals, by those collections of Flemish, Dutch, Italian, and French art which are still a vivid and entrancing memory to many of us. I think it was the Italian exhibition which first aroused serious misgivings in our minds.

The Fascist Government had decided what should be sent from the Italian state collections, and although no doubt some attention had been paid to the warnings of museum officials, a number of pictures were sent which no sane person should have allowed to leave Italy; one such was Botticelli's 'Venus'. This is infinitely too precious to the world at large for the remotest risk to be taken with it, and the risk loomed large when the ship bearing this precious cargo—and ironically named the *Leonardo da Vinci*—got into difficult weather on the voyage. For the first time one noticed that works of art were being used for purposes of prestige, independent of their value as works of art. The exhibition gave immense pleasure to thousands of people but I do not believe it made any additions to knowledge. The Italian exhibition in Paris in 1935 produced the same impression but was even more memorable from the fact that a handful of major masterpieces from Russia was also lent. But up to the war of 1939 the number of major exhibitions, which

sought to draw on international resources, was still not enough to cause serious alarm, and to make many people wonder if a dangerous habit was not being formed. The last war changed all that.

The new situation after 1945 was made up of a number of ingredients. An enormous number of people, including many who had paid little attention to the arts in earlier years, felt starved of that kind of experience the contemplation of works of art could give. Even the British Government had become aware, during the war, of the dangers of what one might call art-starvation, and had set in being the agency which has developed into the Arts Council. But the opportunities for the individual of going himself to look at distant works of art had become enormously restricted. The logical answer seemed simple—the mountain must come to Mahomet: and this solution was eagerly accepted by most of the countries of western Europe. In addition, there were several large collections of noble pictures which had lost their permanent homes, and it seemed a reasonable way of collecting money for their rebuilding, that the works of art should travel to collect money. In this way we are indebted in England to the great displays of pictures from Munich and Vienna and a number of the treasures of Lombard collections travelled to other places. A great deal of care was taken by the custodians of these collections that nothing should circulate which might be likely to come to harm—but the forced circulation in the United States of a number of the early pictures from Berlin, which should never have been subjected to the peculiar temperatures of American museums, was rather another matter.

'Musical Chairs' with Europe's Artistic Heritage

All this, however, was not enough. Once whetted, the taste for exhibitions has become insatiable. Festivals have sprung up everywhere and are now increasingly accompanied by international loan exhibitions. Paris and Amsterdam are now practically never without one, and the artistic heritage of Europe is playing a sort of musical chairs. Only last month the first of a new series of such exhibitions opened at Brussels, under the auspices of the Council of Europe, and one each year is envisaged of the same kind in a different capital. Those responsible for public collections report a prodigious increase in the number of requests for loans, and, what is more serious, an increase in the number of requests for pictures which no knowledgeable person would dream of moving. Several examples have reached my ear of political pressure being brought to lend what should not be lent, and the moment has surely come to take stock of the position and to consider the 'ethics' of exhibitions.

There are two factors—I think only two—of equal importance: the human beings who look at the works of art, and the works of art themselves. What we need is a kind of bill of rights for both. Those who are most vocal in criticism (usually just) of many recent exhibitions, are prone to add a third factor: this they variously call 'the historian' or 'scholarship' or 'the advancement of knowledge'. I am far from belittling these ideas, to which indeed my activities are dedicated, but I think their claims can be met more forcefully if they are divided up between the rights of human beings and the rights of works of art.

First, a bill of rights for works of art: these fall into two situations—those which are publicly and those which are privately owned; and the situation of those which are privately owned, in our own country at any rate, is now very different from what it was before the war. There are now few great private collections which are not to a considerable extent available to the public. Even houses which used to require the utmost ingenuity to enter before the war are now open at least on one day of the week during the summer months: so the claim of a great work of art that it should be seen by the world, is not, with us, neglected. Doubtless the law permits the private owner to imperil the safety of his possessions by lending them recklessly, but part of my code of proposed ethics would provide for this risk by ensuring that only those with a sound knowledge of such risks should be allowed to do the asking for loans. Works of art which fall into the really top category, should, I think, never be lent at all. Such works of art are few in number and there would, I believe, be little disagreement in naming them. To choose an example already mentioned, Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus' is one of them: in the exhibition at present at the Royal Academy there are precisely three—the Edinburgh Watteau and the two Chardins from the University of Glasgow. Such pictures, which have survived till now in wonderful condition, should, in my view, never be moved at all except for their own safety.

Works of art which do not fall into this supreme category have first of all the right to have their physical health considered. No ancient

panel should be submitted to the changes of temperature involved, and no canvas which is fragile and unrelined should be submitted to that operation unless it is absolutely necessary. It is a common thing for exhibitionists to ask, when told that a canvas is too fragile to move, that it should be relined and 'made safe'. One may drug patients if there is no other way of moving them to hospital, but it is only human beings, whose powers of doing good are limited to the short span of a human lifetime, who drug themselves so that they can go to a party. A work of art is also entitled to demand that, if it is moved, it is shown to its best advantage: hung in company which reveals its meaning, with harmonious neighbours, and at a height which enables it to be seen. The vast improvisations at Burlington House have been particular sinners in this matter in recent years. It is silly to bring a picture from Vienna and hang it out of sight, and positively wicked to move one from a setting where it shines and is articulate, into a crowded cocktail party where it is made almost uncommunicative. And here the rights of the work of art and of the human being merge. For the sole justification for all this general post is that the works of art which have been moved about in this way shall be able to communicate with, I will not say the man-in-the-street, but the man-in-the-gallery.

The man-in-the-gallery is not a hardened exhibition-goer, nor a specialist who has laboriously trained himself to neglect what does not suit his immediate visual purpose and to notice only more and more about less and less. He is entitled to ask that the feast which is laid before him should be a reasonably digestible one. In the case of pictures, I suspect 150 to 200 should be the absolute maximum, and I think sixty to eighty is probably about the best size. Such limits would also have several practical virtues. In the first place, they would not so soon exhaust the total number of lendable pictures. As it is, good-natured private owners are rapidly having their patience exhausted by being asked over and over again for the same picture. In the second place, they would reduce the increasingly prodigious expense involved in mounting an exhibition. I believe in fact that those exhibitions which have, in recent years, paid their own expenses or made a profit have all been of this reasonable size, and I believe also that the pleasure they have given has always been more lasting and more intense than that provided by the vast international huddles now fashionable.

A double bill of rights of this kind, primarily considering the works of art in themselves and the normal visitor to exhibitions—who is, I fancy, the man or woman who goes once rather than repeatedly to them—would automatically satisfy the scholar also: for these reasons. Irresponsible demands and careless planning would no longer be possible. An exhibition on this modest scale has to have a beginning and an end—and therefore a meaning. Happily there are enough such exhibitions to make it possible to make clear what I am talking about: two, at least, are or have been in London this month, the Arts Council exhibition of Watts at the Tate and the exhibition of eighteenth-century art in the Print Room of the British Museum.

Pictures You Find

There is also, however, a large class of pictures whose rights I have so far neglected. A great Viennese scholar once divided pictures in public collections into 'those which you buy' and 'those which you find in collections'. It is this last class I am thinking of. It is usually made up of pictures which have a perfectly specific interest: for their rare subject-matter, for an uncommon signature, for something odd about them. But the collection has grown to such an extent that they are almost never shown. Our own National Gallery can, at present, lend nothing abroad, and the various rules of thumb which are proposed to limit possible lending leave out of account a great many of these pictures, since they are too early. There is, for instance, a portrait said to be of the humanist medical writer, Girolamo Fracastoro, and said to be by the rather obscure Veronese painter, Francesco Torbido. Surely it would be better to risk something and lend such a picture to, for instance, the Humanist exhibition now on in Brussels, or an exhibition of Veronese pictures, than to let it repose in the reference section?

Such pictures, it seems to me, have their rights too—but to give them these rights needs much more trouble and time than to invent a simple rule, according to dates and material on which they are painted, by which pictures may be lent. It is probably true that everything can be done sensibly and 'ethically' if only enough trouble and thought are given to it, and it is perhaps not extravagant to express a hope that such trouble and thought are worth while. Once we are prepared to admit that there is such a thing as the 'ethics' of exhibitions, we shall see that they are best achieved by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Morals without Religion—III

A discussion between JENNY MORTON and MARGARET KNIGHT

JENNY MORTON: I know you agree, Mrs. Knight, that we ought to spend most of our half-hour discussing the needs of children with a minimum of generalities; but to clear our path there are two points on which I must enter my disagreement with your position.

First, I would like to say what I mean by Christian belief. I do not mean merely a set of dogmas. In your talks* you make Christian belief an intellectual description of God and His universe. Christian belief is more than that. Christian belief is that living experience of God in Jesus Christ into which, generation after generation, men have entered. It is knowledge of God in their human life. The creeds and theology which you mean when you say 'Christian belief' are men's attempts to describe that experience. If we want to learn about a person we ask another person who knows him; he tries to describe the one we ask about, and probably he breaks off at some point and says: 'No, you're getting the wrong impression from me—we'll ask so-and-so'. You look for witnesses. And you build up your knowledge from these witnesses.

I do want to say to those listeners to whom you addressed your talks, the ones who do not quite know what they believe about God, that they should start finding out about Him from human witnesses, either among those whom they know to be Christians or from the records of those who have lived their human lives in God's company. In your first talk you quoted St. Augustine as saying 'Either God cannot prevent evil or He will not, if He cannot He is not all-powerful, if He will not He is not all good', and you said there was no possible answer to this dilemma. I do think we ought to tell listeners that this is not St. Augustine's answer. He did not find there was no possible answer; he lived out his life in the Christian Church and it was he, you remember, who said our hearts were restless until they found their rest in Him.

We have been poor witnesses to God, we have misunderstood Him, both individually and in groups. Yet I believe that never in our Christian era has God been left without a true witness. Because of our poor witness men have often believed that the end of the Church has come—for example, when the Moslem invasion swept over Africa, Asia Minor, and into Europe, or in the decadence before the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation; again in the cold ignorance of England before the Wesleyan fire swept the country. But these have been only preludes to new vitality of witness in the lives of men. I believe it may be that we are at such a dawn today.

Margaret Knight: I agree that religion is more than a set of dogmas, or intellectual beliefs. For many people, as you say, it involves direct religious experience. But it was the dogmatic side that I was talking about in my broadcasts. What I was primarily criticising was instilling dogmatic religious beliefs into children.

Mrs. Morton: You said in your first talk that the climate of thought is increasingly unfavourable to Christian belief. I should say that intellectually the present scientific outlook makes it infinitely easier to think as a Christian than it was for our grandparents. Then, for example, there was a period when the universe was seen almost as a machine, and many felt that Christian experience was a proved delusion. Then science and religion seemed almost in opposition. The scientists of our grandparents' time felt sure they were dealing with external reality. Now scientists would say we study an experience between ourselves and something else. At that time medical science saw the human body, similarly, as a sort of machine, whereas now they recognise the complexity of mind and body in the make-up of a man. This does not mean in any way that science proves a belief in God, but it does open up a new habit of thought where there is no necessary distrust of reason in exploring the history of man's religious experience. I think we should tell parents that also.

Mrs. Knight: Highbrow parents, perhaps. But suppose I grant, for the sake of argument, that modern physics is more favourable than Victorian physics to a spiritual view of the universe, surely the most it would favour would be a belief in some sort of spiritual reality underlying the material world, and I have nothing against that.

Mrs. Morton: Nothing against that? But it's not your own view, surely?

Mrs. Knight: No, it's not my own view, but I have no quarrel with people who hold it, so long as they don't say that this spiritual reality is omnipotent and omniscient and so on. My quarrel is with dogmatic theology, the doctrines of the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, and so on. And I don't really think that you can argue that modern physics makes it easier to believe in that. But to come back to the climate of thought. This may seem a rather down-to-earth answer, but I think the strongest reason for saying that the climate of thought is unfavourable to dogmatic Christian belief is just the fact that dogmatic belief is declining—or, at any rate, church-going is declining, and I suppose that is the best objective index of Christian belief we can get. There is plenty of evidence on this point. There have been a number of social surveys that have covered church-going, and they all tell the same tale. For example, Rowntree and Lavers made a census of church attendance in York, and they found that in 1901 more than 35 per cent. of the adult population went to church; for 1935 it was 18 per cent.; and in 1948, 13 per cent.

Mrs. Morton: May I just say a word about church-going as an index of belief? Church-going is part of our social expression of Christian belief. Our social living has undergone an upheaval. What is it Trevelyan says in his *Social History of England*? That the man who saw Queen Victoria come to the throne was nearer to the Englishman of King Alfred's day than we are to the man who saw Queen Victoria crowned. I don't think our churches have yet adapted themselves to this tremendous change. A more recent survey than the York one you mentioned, the one made in Derby and published last year, revealed that a majority of the population do listen to religious broadcasts at some time or other. So I would say no one knows how far a change in church-going habits is connected with a real loss of Christian belief.

Mrs. Knight: No doubt there are many Christians who don't go to church, if you take the term Christian in a very wide sense, but I am inclined to think—though I admit I can't prove it—that really orthodox Christians who accept Christian dogma would tend to be church-goers. I certainly think they would be inconsistent if they were not.

Mrs. Morton: I agree, we cannot live the full Christian life without social worship. But to return to the climate of thought: I feel that, so far as the climate of thought produced by events is concerned, it has become far harder for us to believe that enlightenment is spreading gradually over the earth and that men are travelling hopefully towards general human happiness, than it was for our grandparents.

Mrs. Knight: I quite agree; the doctrine of inevitable progress has taken some terrible knocks in the last half-century. I am not myself quite as pessimistic about the human situation as some people; still, we needn't go into that because I admit your point in general. But I don't think it weakens the case for humanism. I know there is a strange idea about that the essence of scientific humanism is belief in human perfectibility, but that is really a mistake. I think that human beings and human life can be greatly improved by enlightened methods of child upbringing, by removing economic and social frustrations and so on, but the idea that it can be perfected is just a pipe dream. I know a few academic humanists did dally with the idea in the early years of this century, when no doubt it seemed much more plausible, but I doubt if you would find any humanist who believes it now.

Mrs. Morton: Very well. My second disagreement is in your idea that Christians are not concerned with this world but with the next. We have just celebrated Christmas because Christians believe that God so loved this world that He sent His Son into it. Let me say no more than that the whole Bible teaches that our concern is with our lives now, and that Jesus repeatedly and specifically tells men that they won't find life in the future if they don't find life now. Finding life and finding death are choices in this life, and Jesus repeatedly tells His disciples that times and seasons are God's concern. *Now* is the place of our obedience and our life with Him.

Mrs. Knight: I didn't mean that Christians think this life is of no importance, but I must insist that it is one of the central doctrines of Christianity that Christians can look forward to eternal life after death, and that therefore this life is mainly important as a preparation for the next. And obviously if a person really believes this, it will completely transform his attitude. If life on earth is just a preparation for eternal life hereafter, it won't much matter if the whole of it is spent in frustration and squalor and misery—there'll be all eternity to make up. Whereas, to the humanist, who thinks this life is all there is . . .

Mrs. Morton: But I have just said—haven't I?—that our concern is with life now. I should have thought that one who felt that this life was all there is would have more temptation either to grab or to despair, whereas a belief in the eternal significance of human life would enlarge our hope and our love.

Mrs. Knight: I've never been able to understand the point of view of people who think that happiness and love and intellectual excitement and the appreciation of beauty wouldn't be worth having in this life unless we believed that they'd go on for eternity. However, we mustn't get bogged down in theology because we are supposed to be talking about child upbringing. And when we get down to practical questions I imagine we shall find a good deal more to agree about. For example, you would agree, I imagine, that love is the all-important thing in bringing up young children?

Mrs. Morton: Yes, we would agree there. And I fancy we would agree fairly well in the practical working out of love in the home, where the code of conduct comes out of our European tradition of civilisation which has itself been so profoundly influenced and shaped by the teachings of the Christian Churches. But I wonder how far you are prepared to go in making love the basis of the child's world? The love that has been shown to him goes beyond disinterestedness and fair play; how far does it go? I remember a small, sturdy girl of five years old running in from play unusually excited, and saying 'Mummy, do you know what Molly says? Molly says God doesn't love bad people'. I told her God loved even Cinderella's ugly sisters. I think, you see, that disconcertingly soon the young child wants to know who he is and where he is. In Christian teaching he is a child of God in God's world among God's other children. His moral training is his learning to live as Jesus teaches him, so that he may find his own life in understanding the loving purposes of God and serving Him. So we don't set out to train the child, always referring to the kind of man he's going to be, but to the kind of God he's going to serve.

Mrs. Knight: I agree that love is much more than disinterestedness. I hope I didn't say anything in my broadcasts to suggest otherwise. But I think you have just said something very important. You said the child's moral training is his learning to live as God teaches him, so that he may find his own life in understanding the loving purposes of God and serving Him. I think that just pinpoints the difference between the humanist and the religious person. To the humanist, moral behaviour is primarily kind, disinterested, self-transcending behaviour—to use Koestler's word. Whereas to the Christian, moral behaviour is behaviour in accordance with God's will. In nine cases out of ten it comes to the same thing, in practice, but the sanctions are different. And I must say the humanist sanctions seem to me much better, much more reasonable, and much easier to put across to children. If we tell a child that he mustn't knock smaller children about and we say that he wouldn't like it if others did it to him, that people don't like boys who are cruel, and so on, that's something he can understand. But talk about the loving purposes of God is a bit beyond him. And, of course, you are sowing the seeds of all these frightful intellectual problems later on, when the child gets older and begins to think for himself, and is confronted by all the evidence which suggests that God's purposes are anything but loving.

Mrs. Morton: I couldn't disagree more. My experience is that, more than anything else, what people like and don't like bewilders small children. Grown-ups seem to them thoroughly inconsistent. Whereas, in the Christian home, you are appealing from the central relationship of the child's life, his relationship with his parents, to a similar relationship, God the Father. The child can grasp the idea that God's family includes all people everywhere, and that therefore we must behave to them as to members of our own family. It does seem to me that this understanding can grow with his growing experiences of life, and though, like all his human relationships, there may come difficulties, I feel this is not an understanding which will be outgrown with manhood. But I do think the central difficulty of moral teaching is its danger of

self-righteousness. You know the story of the man who set out to correct his moral slackness. He watched himself for a month and honestly tried to be more thoughtful, more helpful, more honest, and all the rest. And then he found he was jolly well pleased with his progress. And he thought 'Good heavens, I am becoming a prig, I must learn humility'. So he concentrated on humility for a week, and at the end of it he gave himself 18 out of 20 for humility.

Mrs. Knight: I quite agree that smugness is a great danger. But are you suggesting that humanists are more subject to smugness than Christians?

Mrs. Morton: In a sense, yes. Although my word was 'self-righteousness'. I think that if the only standards are human ones, in man himself, self-righteousness is almost inevitable. As a psychologist, you must know how human beings are always set on proving themselves right. As Christians we are in the same boat, but we are always confronted by Jesus Christ, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. But to get back to the children. You said, you remember, that we should say to a child not 'You are a selfish, greedy little boy' but 'That was a selfish thing to do, it's not a bit like you to do that'.

Mrs. Knight: Yes, that's right.

Mrs. Morton: I think I would feel it was very dangerous to say 'It's not a bit like you to do that', because since, as you said, human nature is very mixed, the small boy may have a sound idea that he is at times a selfish, greedy little boy. If you say 'That isn't like you', he begins, because he must keep your love, to pretend he doesn't know there is a possibility of selfish, greedy behaviour in his nature. In a Christian home the child learns to know Jesus as a person; he has a touchstone by which he can know his own shortcomings. More than this, he knows that grown-ups as well as children want to be like Jesus, and fail, and pray for forgiveness of their faults. In a Christian home, too, his parents can accept the fact that he can be selfish without dismay, and he can grow to understand that God loves all his children though He knows their divided natures, and is prepared to pay the cost of their selfishness and greed. The story of that is the story of the New Testament.

Mrs. Knight: Yes, you've certainly got something there. 'It's not a bit like you to do that' isn't a phrase to use too often, I quite agree. It might give the child the impression that the fact that he's quite capable of being selfish and greedy is something so shocking that his parents can't bear to face it. But the point I wanted to make is that when a child behaves badly the impression we want to convey is that this isn't at all a nice way to behave, and that we are quite sure he can behave better: not that if this is how he behaves he must be a pretty poor type. That's a demoralising suggestion to a child.

Now, you said something about God being prepared to pay the cost of man's selfishness and greed. If you are referring to the Atonement, then surely any modern child must feel that there is something morally wrong in the idea of a God giving his only Son as a sacrifice, as the price of man's redemption. That idea wasn't strange 2,000 years ago, when sacrifices in temples were taken as a matter of course. It's not only strange today, it's abhorrent. What would you say to a child who had the courage to reject the whole idea?

Mrs. Morton: I agree that a young child should not be taught in these terms: they were what led many in my own childhood to claim that they loved Jesus and hated God. To a young child today I would say that, in Jesus, God himself came into our world and lived our human life. He found men all hurting one another, all blaming one another for the mess the world was in, as indeed they still do today. He took all the blame himself; he suffered all that men did to him, and loved even those who tortured him—saying that they did not understand what they were doing. This doctrine is, of course, difficult for children, as it is difficult for men and women. For here we are in the central mysteries of human life.

But may we go on now to our last, and perhaps our most complete, point of disagreement? I feel that the sort of moral training you sketch especially fails as a preparation for life in 1955, because it leaves unanswered the question of that reasonable hope which is demanded by all of whom great efforts are expected. I think you almost suppose a static sort of world where men and societies are behaving to a known pattern. When we are playing a game, we learn the rules, and keeping the rules is a sufficient reason for our behaviour because on the rules the game depends. But suppose we undertake an exploration into unknown country: we must be sure we are prepared to endure exhaustion, fear, the loss of many things good in themselves. So we must

be sure that the object of our journey is worth while: the place to be reached, the knowledge to be gained. I am sure life in 1955 is much more like the explorer's journey than the game of football. Therefore we want not companions who live by rules, but resourceful, determined, faithful men.

Mrs. Knight: I agree, of course, that the world needs resourceful, determined, adaptable men, rather than men who live by rules. But are you suggesting that humanists are more likely to live by rule than Christians? If so, you astonish me. I should have thought it was just the other way round. Surely it's the Christian who thinks that unalterable rules of conduct have been laid down by God, whereas the humanist thinks that rules of conduct are, to a large extent, relative. But, to go back to something you said at the beginning, you said, I think, that humanism doesn't provide that reasonable hope which is necessary if people are to make great efforts. I am not quite sure what you mean by this, but I imagine you mean what is usually meant by Christian hope—the feeling that God is on our side, that somewhere, somehow, good will triumph, and virtue be rewarded. And if this is what you mean, I don't think there is really much evidence that people won't make great efforts without this belief. Look at the Athenians: the greatest flowering of the human spirit in history occurred in Athens in the fifth century B.C., when the Athenians' religion gave them almost nothing of what you would call Christian hope. They didn't believe in a better life to come; their view of the after-life was summed up in Achilles' phrase, that he would sooner be a slave among men than a king in the world of the shades. Their view of man's destiny and his place in the universe was ultimately most austere; yet their achievements have been an inspiration to the world for twenty-five centuries.

Mrs. Morton: Do you remember Bertrand Russell once said: 'The Greeks devoted their energies to art and science and mutual extermination, in all of which they achieved unprecedented success'? I am really surprised that you should choose the Greeks, for not only did they fail completely to solve their political problems, basing their culture on slavery, and entirely failing to achieve peace even within the national situation, but they failed most dismally in sex relationships, and therefore as parents. You make the basic requirement of man a warm, loving home—surely the Greeks were completely without a clue there?

Mrs. Knight: I don't think we must be side-tracked. I know the Athenian civilisation fell and I am not saying it was perfect, but you were suggesting—weren't you?—that there couldn't be great efforts and great achievements without some sort of Christian hope. And I quoted the Athenians as an example of a people who achieved great things without this hope.

Mrs. Morton: I do feel that the greatest danger of humanist moral training, as moral training, is that it makes men fastidious rather than loving and resourceful. Our greatest danger today in the democratic west is that, appalled by the inhumanity of the public world, our best people will retire, as many have already done, out of public concern and creative community living, into family life. They will refuse to see the urgency of being on the road to world government. Christians are not exempt from this temptation. But your suggested training seems peculiarly dangerous. What would you say was the equivalent, for humanists, to the spur which Christians find in their faith—the spur to involve humanists in the messy concerns of this world? You said your ideal was men and women realising to the full their capacities for affection, for happiness, and for intellectual and aesthetic experience, and regarding these things as more important than any ideology or abstraction, whether it was the Church or the State, or the five-year plan or the life hereafter. How would you say this ideal of yours differed from the society hoped for by Christians? Is our divergence not about the route along which we travel to this new society? How do we hope to get there?

Mrs. Knight: You have asked me a lot of questions and I had better take them in order. You say first: 'What is the equivalent of humanists to the spur which Christians find in their faith?' I would say that the spur the Christian finds in the love of God, the humanist finds in love of his fellow man, which is a much more natural and widespread emotion. Then you asked: 'How does the humanist hope to achieve his ideal?' As I said earlier on, we don't imagine that we can achieve it completely, but we think we can get a good deal nearer to it than we are now. As for the means, no doubt different humanists would emphasise different means according to their interests. I myself, being a psychologist, am naturally most interested in what can be done through the spread of psychological knowledge; studying human beings in the same scientific

spirit as we study the rest of nature. A fine example of the sort of thing I mean is the work done by a Committee of the World Health Organisation on the effects on personality of separation from the mother and deprivation of affection in childhood. Then there is all the work that's been done on delinquency: we are gradually beginning to uncover the causes, some of them hereditary, some environmental, that go to produce the aggressive, destructive, anti-social personality. And understanding the causes is, of course, the essential first step towards doing something constructive about it. Then, again, there is all the work on the study and treatment of neurosis, which has already cured and prevented a vast amount of human misery. I am not suggesting that psychology is a cure for everything, but I do feel very strongly that the best hope for humanity lies in the application of scientific methods to human problems.

Mrs. Morton: Of course, you would agree that here we are not on opposite sides of the fence. Christians and non-Christians alike are involved in the research and field-work; in medicine, psychology, experimental agriculture and all the rest. No one would wish to fail in appreciation of the importance of such work. But it does all pre-suppose that the world waits for us to study and help it. There is the danger, surely, present to our minds that the destructive selfishness of men, the fears of men, will defeat these patient workers. Perhaps I stress hope so much because in the 'thirties, when I lived under Japanese occupation in China, and learned for the first time and at close quarters about modern prison techniques of brain-washing and torture, I was overwhelmed by the question 'Who am I? Am I able to withstand unbearable pain? Am I able to remain myself after weeks of questioning? Are human beings in the end to be pushed about by ruthless men caught in the net of their own fear of one another?' So I do understand that people have difficulties. Intellectual difficulties and moral difficulties—not to be made little of by easy answers. But, as I tried to go on, I found God's love met me in ordinary life. As a schoolgirl said last week: 'I suppose the thing about Christianity is, if you try it, it works'.

When Jesus said that 'Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God' was the first commandment, he said that the second, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself', was 'like unto it'. I don't think you can contrast the Christian's love of God with the humanist's love of his fellow men. It is in the balance of love of God and love of man that the Christian knows who he is; in this truth about human life, that he finds his hope.

Mrs. Knight: I don't mean to contrast the love of God with the love of one's fellow men, but what I do disagree with is the view so often put forward by Christians, that one can't love one's fellow men unless one first loves God. And that seems to me to be just untrue.

Mrs. Morton: But, you see, our Christian teaching is not that you can't love your fellow men unless you first love God. But that we love our fellow men because God first loved us; and just as you would agree with me about the problem of the child who is anti-social, because he has never known love, so Christians believe that our social instincts are implanted in us by God's love.—*Home Service*

Lessons of Crichel Down

(continued from page 141)

whether any transfers of civil servants were required in the public interest and the efficiency of the public service. This committee recommended that one official should be transferred.

Some politicians who have had considerable experience as Ministers take the view that civil servants should be dismissed from the service somewhat more readily than occurs at present. For one reason or another, it is extraordinarily difficult to get rid of an inefficient civil servant, though this can now be done without loss of pension rights where the official has attained the age of fifty years.

But obviously the Civil Service must remain a life career, if it is to continue to be what it is for most of its members—a true vocation. More and better training, rather than stricter discipline, is the best way to improve the attitude of the civil servant in dealing with members of the public. And, incidentally, the public has something to learn about how it should treat the Civil Service, not only in practical matters, but also in public discussion and writing. The press, in particular, is often excessively critical and even unfair to officials.—*Third Programme*

The talk by Darsie Gillie, last in the series 'The Gallic Scene Today', will appear in THE LISTENER next week.

NEWS DIARY

January 19-25

Wednesday, January 19

Aircraft drop supplies to snowbound villages in the north of Scotland

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen rejects wage offer by Transport Commission

President Eisenhower states that he would like to see the United Nations bring about a cease-fire between the Chinese Nationalists and Communists

Thursday, January 20

M. Edgar Faure is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Government

A British steamer is sunk during a raid by Chinese Nationalist aircraft on Swatow

President Eisenhower sends an economic report to Congress

Friday, January 21

The Peking Government offers to allow relatives to visit the American airmen imprisoned in China

Sixtieth session of Indian National Congress opens near Madras

Some changes are announced in the purchase tax

Saturday, January 22

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, broadcasts about the Soviet offer of January 15 to permit all-German elections under international control

Many parts of Paris are under water owing to the flooding of the Seine

Fifty-eight terrorists are killed in a new drive against the Mau Mau in Kenya

Sunday, January 23

The Commander of the United States Seventh Fleet has talks in Formosa with the American Ambassador there. It is reported that the Chinese Nationalists have begun the evacuation of civilians from the Tachen Islands, 200 miles north-west of Formosa

General Franco gives an interview on the future of the Spanish monarchy

Seventeen persons are killed when a passenger train is derailed at Sutton Coldfield

Monday, January 24

President Eisenhower sends message about Formosa to Congress

Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Minister of Trade, resigns

Transport Commission's re-equipment plan is published

Tuesday, January 25

Parliament reassembles after Christmas recess

Scheme of equal pay to be introduced for Civil Service

Two Yugoslav politicians condemned to suspended sentences of imprisonment for criticising their Government in the foreign press



Parisians on the Alma Bridge watching the rising level of the Seine last week-end. The statue of the zouave is popularly regarded as the city's flood 'barometer'; in the floods of 1910 the level of the Seine reached his chin. Several thousand people in low-lying parts of the city had to leave their homes early this week



H.R.H. the Princess Royal unveiling a plaque to Florence Nightingale on a block of offices in South Street, Park Lane, London, on January 21. The building stands on the site of a house in which Florence Nightingale lived for many years and in which she died. With the Princess Royal is Sir Cullum Welch, Chairman of the Florence Nightingale Hospital



The first scene from Borodin's 'Prince Igor' and Ballet Company opened a three-weeks



An incident during the match between Young team at Stamford Bridge on January 19: E beaten by



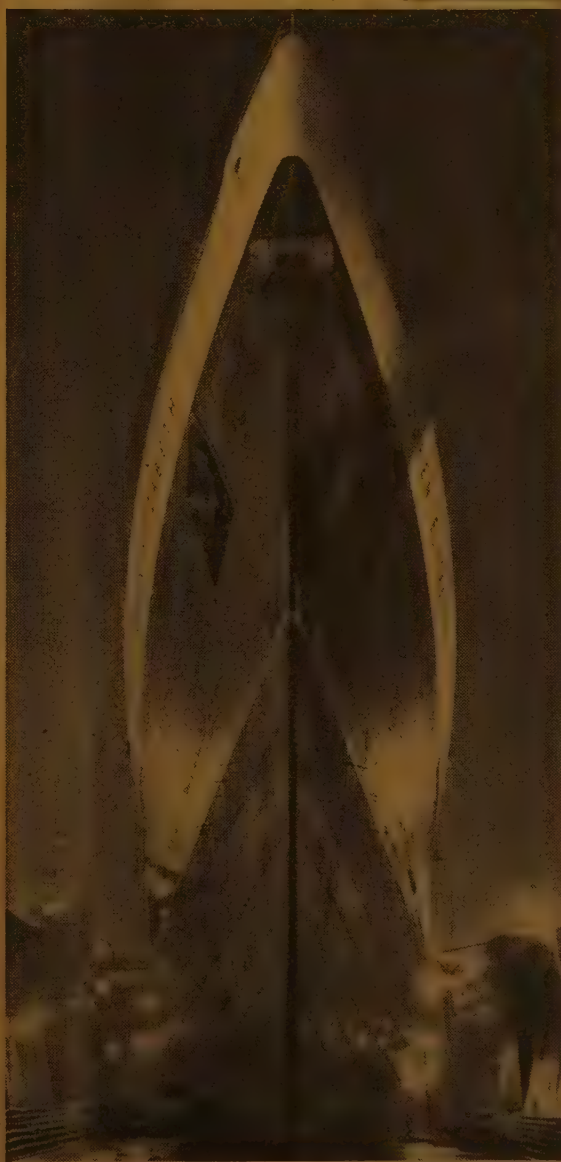
A photograph taken from a helicopter flying supplies to one of many snow-bound villages in Caithness last week. Their distress signal is the letter 'H' formed in straw. Operation 'Snow-drop', which has brought relief by air to isolated communities in northern Scotland, ended with Sunday's thaw



Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya, taking the salute at a tribal meeting at Nyeri on January 18 at which he announced the Government's new surrender terms for Mau Mau. Terrorists surrendering under the offer will not be prosecuted for any offence connected with the emergency committed before the date of the announcement



with which the Yugoslav National Opera Stoll Theatre, London, on January 24



The Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth* photographed in dry dock at Southampton where she is being given her annual overhaul



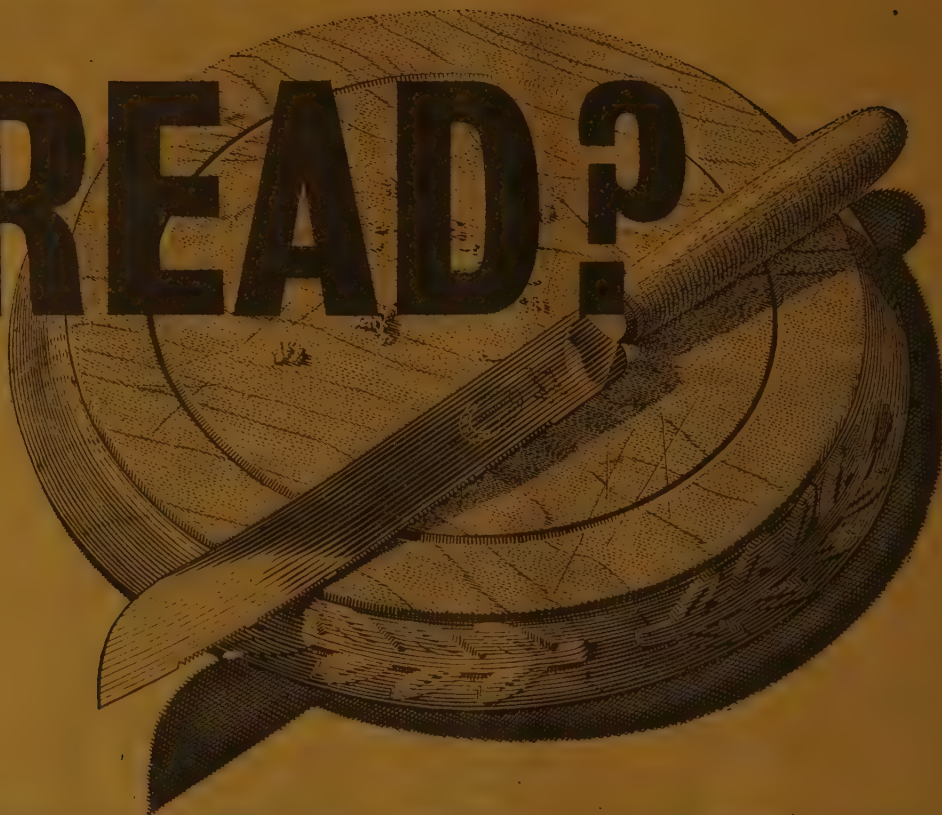
Repairs are now in progress on the Colosseum in Rome. Trees, which are forcing apart the stones, are being removed and sections of the building are being strengthened. The photograph shows a fig tree being uprooted from a ledge



the Young England Association Football a goal but it is disallowed. Italy was 1

What's happened

to BREAD?



A lot of people are asking this question. The answer is that **THINGS DON'T JUST HAPPEN TO BREAD**; the baker produces the kind that people seem to want. So you see, it's up to you. There's white, National white, brown, wholemeal, and wheatgerm bread. Each is different, each is good, but for high food value wheatgerm bread is outstanding.

It's made from bran-free flour to which the miller has added eight to nine times *extra* wheatgerm. So why don't we all eat Hovis—the wheatgerm bread? Maybe one day we will—when everyone knows how good it is, how good it tastes. Don't just take our word for it—let's look at what actually has been happening to bread.

Inside information

Strip off the wheat-grain's outer husk (the bran) and inside is the starchy white kernel and the wheatgerm. It's from the white kernel alone that the whitest flour is made, and, if you like it, this makes the all-white loaf that seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat

The heart of the wheat-berry is the wheatgerm from which, when it is sown, the new plant grows. Small though it is, the wheatgerm contains an extraordinarily high proportion of wheat's natural flavour and goodness.

National white bread

National white may not have the gleaming whiteness of some white bread, because it still has a little of the bran and a fraction of the wheatgerm left in it. Dieticians are in two minds about the value of bran so far as humans are concerned, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better. So there's another good kind of bread for you.

What Wholemeal means

It means just what it says—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. This means that you get all the bran (which may or may not suit you), and you lose no wheatgerm, and that's definitely a good thing.

Better and better

But wouldn't it be even better—since wheatgerm is such a good thing—if we could have not only the small original portion of wheatgerm, but a great deal more besides? Well, we can—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no bran; that has gone to do its most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, between 8 and 9 times more than you can get in wholemeal.

The slice of life

This is what makes Hovis the slice of life—gives it its specially interesting flavour, and gives energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly. To our way of thinking, when it comes to wheatgerm, that makes Hovis eight to nine times better than bread was in the good old days. And you can't ask for more than that, can you?



Photograph
on an Ilford film

Hovis is the Slice of Life

Virginia Woolf and 'Orlando'

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

I THINK it was made fairly clear in the recently published extracts from Virginia Woolf's diary that the idea of her book *Orlando* was inspired by her own strange conception of myself, my family, and Knole my family home. Such things as old families and great houses held a sort of Proustian fascination for her. Not only did she romanticise them—for she was at heart a born romantic—but they satisfied her acute sense of the continuity of history, English history in particular. These facts having been made clear for all to read in the printed pages of her diary, there can be no reason why I should not now reveal something of the inception of that book and its progress throughout the months she spent writing it, as related in various letters I received from her during that period.

Startling Letter

The first letter is dated October 9, 1927, and it startled me considerably:

Yesterday morning I was in despair. You know that bloody book which Dadie and Leonard extort, drop by drop from my breast? Fiction, or some title to that effect. I couldn't screw a word from me; and at last dropped my head in my hands, dipped my pen in the ink, and wrote these words, as if automatically, on a clean sheet: *Orlando, a Biography*. No sooner had I done this than my body was flooded with rapture and my brain with ideas. I wrote rapidly till twelve. Then I did an hour to fiction. So every morning I am going to write fiction (my own fiction) till twelve; and the other fiction till one. But listen: suppose Orlando turns out to be Vita, and its all about you and the lure of your mind—heart you have none—suppose there's the kind of shimmer of reality which sometimes attaches to my people as the lustre on an oyster shell—suppose, I say, that next October someone says 'There's Virginia gone and written a book about Vita', shall you mind? Say yes or no. Your excellence as a subject arises largely from your noble birth—but what's 400 years of nobility, all the same?—and the opportunity thus given for florid descriptive passages in great abundance. Though, I admit, I should like to untwine and twist again some very odd incongruous strands in you; and also, as I told you, it sprung upon me how I could revolutionise biography in a night; and so, if agreeable to you, I would like to toss this up in the air and see what happens. Yet, of course, I may not write another line.

You will come on Wednesday? You will write now, this instant, a nice humble letter of duty and devotion to me.

I am reading Knole and the Sackvilles. Dear me, you have a rich dusky attic of a mind. Oh yes, I want very much to see you.

I was not misled by this sudden, urgent desire for my company. I realised that it was the author's form of cupboard love—in other words, I had become 'copy'.

As we now know, she did write another line; many thousands of other lines: I think she really enjoyed writing this book and that it cost her less agony than many of the others. It represented her high spirits, her sense of humour, her sense of sheer fun, none of which are perhaps very apparent in the extracts we have been given from her diary. She was excited. Letters poured in. The next one begins, four days later:

'Well, thank God, Vita ain't coming', I said, putting the telegram down with a snort. Why, asked Leonard, looking up from his handkerchief. To which I had no answer ready, but the true one came: Because my nose is red.

The poor Wolves have been having colds in the head . . . I am writing at great speed. For the third time I begin a sentence, the truth is . . . The truth is I'm so engulged in Orlando I can think of nothing else. It has ousted fiction, psychology, and the rest of that odious book completely. Tomorrow I begin the chapter which describes you and Sasha meeting on the ice. I am swarming with ideas. . . . Look here, I must come down and see you, if only to choose some pictures. I want one of a young Sackville, (male) temp. James 1st; another of a young Sackville, (female) temp. George III. Please lend yourself to my little scheme. It will be a little book, about 30,000 words at most, and at my present rate which is feverish (I think of nothing but you all day long in different guises) I shall have it done by Christmas.

She seemed determined to make a short book of it. She must have changed her mind, or else her subject ran away with her, for Orlando

eventually ran into something like 90,000 words instead of 30,000. Still she asserts:

Orlando will be a little book, with pictures and a map or two. I make it up in bed at night; as I walk the streets; everywhere. I want to see you in the lamplight, in your emeralds. In fact I have never more wanted to see you than I do now, just to sit and get you to talk and then rapidly and secretly correct certain doubtful points. About your teeth, now, and your temper. Do you grind your teeth at night? Is it true that you love giving pain? What and when was your moment of greatest disillusionment? Still, you say you can't come, and my nose is red, so I forgive you.

This is written 500 words to the minute.

If all that does not exhibit high spirits and the exhilaration of the creative artist in a sustained mood, I should like to be shown a better example.

Then she gets worried. People are pressing her for delivery of the typescript. Publishers have heard about a new book by Virginia Woolf:

The Americans must have the first chapter by May 1st. All your fault. I could write another three volumes easily. Appendices blossom in my head. Oh Vita, Vita, how could you have brought my life to ruin and wasted the fair taper in a sea of grease!

Then she gets interrupted, the most exacerbating, nerve-racking thing that can happen to any artist carried along on the high neap tide of inspiration:

Here I am cursing God because I have to go to Reading tomorrow and so cut short my morning's work. You see, when the mind is bent one way, it's physical and moral torture to unbend. The mere reeds in the river-bed can take this turn or that; what hurts them is concentration. But then they don't write poems; they don't even write novels, as bad as mine are.

And so we begin to detect that the inevitable moment is approaching; the moment when the gale of inspiration starts to drop and the ship threatens to become becalmed with the failing wind. Sailing the high seas under a fair, high wind was fine; topsails and gallants were set and filled; one was blown along at a spanking pace. Then comes the agonising effort to puff the barque into the final harbour. In other words, one must finish one's book.

This damned Orlando [she writes], I want to finish it and I can't finish it, and then I wake in the night so excited and have to take a sleeping draught and so spend my day moping. I rather think, too, it's an addled egg, too hasty, too slapdashery, and all over the place. . . I shall put it into a drawer until May.

Orlando's bad [she writes] won't be out, if at all, till the autumn. Oh heavens, what a bore Orlando is, worse in his death than in his life, I think. I'm so tired of him.

And then:

Did you feel a sort of tug, as if you were being broken, on Saturday last at five minutes to one? That was when you died—or, rather, stopped talking, with three little dots. . . . Now every word will have to be re-written. It's all over the place, incoherent, intolerable, impossible. And I am so sick of it. The question now is, will my feelings for you be changed? I've lived on you all these months. Coming out, what are you really like? Do you exist? Have I made you up?

I don't want to write another word for months, not a letter even. Do you ever feel words have gone dry in your mind? Your mind like a shape in the dark? You squeeze it, and nothing comes. In October my mind was dripping. That is the only life.

I am rather depressed. Orlando so bad. Can't write.

The Reviews Come In

Anyhow, she had killed Orlando, or at any rate had stopped him talking, with those three little dots, and had liberated herself from that incubus. She had once referred to him as that Old Man of the Sea. The reviews began to come in. They were not all favourable; people were puzzled.

I am sorry that Jack Squire annoyed you [she writes], but I don't think he ought to. Arnold Bennett will be far worse, so be prepared.

The only thing I should mind is that it would make you or Harold think less well of me or Orlando, but it won't will it?

The sales were good. We've got to reprint.

Orlando has now sold 13,000 copies in America. That's the last time I mention him.

It was not the last time she mentioned him, as I shall now relate.

I must explain first that I had never read one word of *Orlando* until the day of publication. Apart from the indications in her letters, I had no idea what she was up to. But on the day of publication I received a parcel containing the printed book—which, as you may imagine, I read with unparalleled avidity and curiosity—and also containing the manuscript of *Orlando* which is today amongst my most treasured possessions. I might add here that Virginia had gone to the trouble of getting them both specially bound for me in niger leather with the additional detail of my initials on the spine; I put this in, because readers of the extracts from her diary may not have discovered how thoughtful and practical this extremely busy woman could be, with her frail health and the wild genius driving at her all the time, and people pursuing her and wanting to meet her and lionise her. Yet she could find the time to go round to a book-binder and arrange with him for these special bindings for me. Seldom have I been more deeply touched.

An Unpublished Passage

I was looking idly through the manuscript one day when something struck me as unfamiliar and I realised that I had lit upon an entirely unpublished passage. It is this which I propose to give now, by way of conclusion.

Here the footman brought in a note from Miss Christina Rossetti to say that she was sorry to find she had a previous engagement. The notepaper was excellent; the style plain; the beginning and ending as simple as could be. 'Dear Lady Orlando . . . yours sincerely Christina Rossetti'. Couldn't she slip banknotes beneath the plates anymore? And they didn't hang about in waiting rooms? They had houses, it seemed, of their own. Miss Rossetti made no mention (as they used to do) of her Ladyship's great condescension and goodness, nor hint that there was a little place, in the office of the King's Chamberlain, worth two hundred a year, which her brother, etc., (as they used to do). No: Miss Rossetti seemed to expect nothing whatever, and if she happened to be out next Wednesday, out she was. Orlando might call another day. Added to this independence they often had little family trees of their own. Many had been gentry in a small way since the time of Elizabeth. But how did this affect that great object of Orlando's veneration—on which she had spent many thousands in gratuities and pension, which she had sheltered and succoured, which it was the passion of her life herself to practice—Literature? In this she found it hard to give an opinion, for a very long time; for as soon as she had done one book, there were a dozen more on her table. Also, half of them were not books pure and simple but books about books. So that long before she had come by any opinion of her own, she knew that twenty different people thought it the greatest book and the worst book in the world; that it was possible to hold twenty different opinions of other people: and as these were printed and signed and presumably paid for, she was bound to respect them above her own. So by degrees, she began to change her view of Literature as a wild and vivid flame, now the crags of Scotland, now some quiet English parsonage, flickeringly, indiscriminately; a spirit incalculable and beautiful and venerable; and saw it instead as a portly and respectable gentleman, who was never stupid, always telling people what they ought to think; and writing and talking and lecturing and commemorating so that not a day passed without a dinner, or a celebration, or an anniversary. So respectable, so busy, so opulent, as a prosperous and garrulous middle aged gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole. He wrote, he talked, he lectured. He celebrated anniversaries. He commemorated occasions. He presided at dinners. He gave prizes. He was for ever—sometimes she took a ticket and went to a Hall at three o'clock in the afternoon—delivering a series of lectures upon Byron's place in English poetry, and Shelley, Wordsworth, or the Romantic Revival and some such subject, to rows of old people, who nodded, and rows of very young ones who gaped; and heaven knows why—for was it not all very nice and fluent and interesting—what he said about Shelley and Wordsworth, and Byron and the Romantic Revival and she would go into the street, like one who has been half suffocated in folds of dirty plush, and the wind itself seemed to know more about literature than he did, or the old beggar woman, or newspaper placards on the lamp posts. 'My God', she would wire to Marmaduke, 'My God!' And then going home poured herself out a stiff tumbler of red Spanish wine—for was she not dining with some literary Club or other; where the respectable body would refresh itself after thus doing honour to the dead, and expect,

not a bank note slipped under its plate, but a compliment, all fresh and luscious, popped between its lips? This then was literature, she concluded, a body. Then, for it was now the day after the dinner, the footman announced that Lady A. was come to fetch her Ladyship.

The two ladies drove in a great yellow barouche hung on springs; all through Kensington and the market garden to Chelsea, where Lady A. who was a daring jolly woman, stout and buxom and of the best blood in England, swore on her oath she would shew Orlando—since Orlando cherished these fellows—her dear Carlyle. The footman descended, and rapped at the old little, shabby door. One of his gigantic raps was enough. Out flew an astonishing apparition:—a woman all eyes and cheek bones and ' . . . Be off with you, fool!' she screamed. 'I'd have you know my Thomas is asleep!'

Even Lady A. was snubbed. She sank back in her carriage mumbling and told the coachman to find out Tennyson's address. It was Faringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. They arrived one spring evening with the lilac in bloom. Half way up the carriage drive they encountered an obstacle—a lady in a bath chair. The man was for passing her. But the invalid raised herself. She stretched a frail white hand across the horses' noses.

'No further', she said and even the horses quivered.

'My husband is writing a poem'. Such was the awfulness of her demeanour that there was nothing for it but to return to London; and when Lady A. proposed to visit Browning in Florence, Swinburne at Putney, or Meredith at Box Hill, Orlando refused; since there could be no doubt that the greater the genius, the more it was sequestered. It could only write if it was enclosed in a sound proof room and protected by a wife. That was a change too, thought Orlando, comparing Dryden and Tennyson; but genius being inaccessible, she was forced to consort with the writers who managed to write without a trace of it: the Smiles, the Tupper, the Smiths, the Hemans, the Prossers, their names are legion and all forgotten now, though once claimed immortality. Smith said that Tupper was immortal and once Smiles said that Smith was and once they were very bitter about it; all are forgotten now; and it is only when the shelf creaks a little that we remember their names.

—Third Programme

Shipwreck

When, bottled by the sea,
Sunk in its green glass down,
The ship sinks eerily
Side-slipping like a stone,

O corked by sun and moon
What convex oceans store
The salt-rigged bone,
The sea-suspended spar,

And in whose hollow eye
Where coral caverns weep
What empty fathoms cry
For the unreturning ship?

MICHAEL BALDWIN

Abraham

The rivulet-loving wanderer Abraham
Through waterless wastes tracing his fields of pasture
Led his Chaldean herds and fattening flocks
With the meandering guile of wavering water
That seeks and finds yet does not know its way.
He came, rested and prospered, and went on,
Scattering behind him little pastoral kingdoms;
And over each one its own particular sky,
Not the great rounded sky through which he journeyed
That went with him, but when he rested changed.
His mind was full of names
Learned from strange peoples speaking alien tongues,
And all that was theirs one day he would inherit.
He died content and full of years, though still
The Promise did not come, and left his bones,
Far from his father's land, in alien Canaan.

EDWIN MUIR

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morals without Religion

Sir,—As a practising psychologist I should like to draw attention to one or two important points in connection with Mrs. Margaret Knight's broadcasts.

There seems to be fairly general agreement that it would be contrary to our British way of life to limit the free expression of opinion—even of opinion which opposes the outlook on which that way of life is based. And it has been maintained by prominent churchmen and others that Christianity can have nothing to fear from such free expression. May I suggest, however, that the Knight broadcasts hardly fit into the category of 'opinion'. To put it mildly, the 'opinion' is so heavily weighted that the untrained mind might well take it for authoritative pronouncement.

When opinion takes the form of advice there is always the subtle implication that the desirability of the course suggested is hardly in doubt. To tell a child—or naive adult—how to do something is the most effective way of convincing him that he ought to do it. And when opinion takes the form of advice on education by a person likely to be regarded as an expert on education, the tendency towards uncritical acceptance by the listener becomes so strong that only the clear-headed and the outraged can resist it. Mrs. Knight knows the psychology of persuasion and uses its techniques.

Most people are vaguely aware that the science of psychology includes the science of education, but they fail to realise that the science of education is not all that the educator must know. It is indeed a mere tool in his hands. For example, a knowledge of educational psychology may enable the history teacher to get his facts across with maximum efficiency. But the historian would rightly question the sanity of any psychologist who might presume to interfere with the content of the history lesson—or venture to tell him not only how to teach but what to teach. And if the psychologist believes that 'History is bunk' he can have no advice to offer on the teaching of history. It is not otherwise in the case of religion and morals. Unfortunately, it is not generally realised that morals are involved in the current discussion almost as directly as is religion.

The specific form taken by Mrs. Knight's advice is also insidious. The listening public is obliquely told that 'most people' believe this and that about the content of the Christian faith. Again there could be no more effective way of predisposing a child—or a simple adult—to believe something than to assure him quietly that 'most people' believe it, or that it is 'now' generally believed. It is not the practice of the modern scientific educator to induce his pupils to base their opinions on votes rather than on evidence—not on this side of the Iron Curtain. It is interesting to note, however, the observation of your correspondent, that Mrs. Knight's proposed methods are the ones used in communist countries.

The B.B.C. will have rendered valuable service if, through the Knight broadcasts, it directs the spotlight of publicity on trends in education which have been subtly threatening our way of life for a considerable time in the guise of an undisciplined psychology. It is with these trends in mind that Mr. C. S. Lewis writes: 'The old education was a kind of propagation—men transmitting manhood to men. The new is

merely propaganda'. While the Knight propaganda can do no harm to those who think it can influence those who do not, unless it is adequately met.—Yours, etc.,

Barnsley

ANN MACPHERSON

Sir,—I hope the vigorous discussion of what is now called 'scientific humanism' will not becloud the fine tradition of what we used to call 'humanism' in our student days. It is nobly summed up by Walter Pater in his essay on Pico della Mirandola:

For the essence of humanism is that belief of which he [Pico] seems never to have doubted, that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

C. H. GIBBS-SMITH

Sir,—On the upbringing of children Mrs. Margaret Knight has some valuable things to say, as I can testify from experience as a parent, grandparent, and schoolmaster. But when a boy or girl grows up and has to face the full forces of that formidable trio, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil (or their modern equivalents), I doubt if her precepts will prove as strong to avert disaster and to promote the good life as the teaching of the founder of Christianity, reinforced by His example.

Compare 'It is desirable that the social impulses shall be well developed' with 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . .', and 'We must be prepared, at times and within limits, to put our own interests second to those of our family, or our friends, etc.' with 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'.

Belief in a personal God, whose children we are, and whose nature we share; belief that our own fulfilment, and the welfare of the world, depend on our realising that nature to the utmost of our human capacity, and that the purpose of our existence is that His kingdom should come and His will be done, gives a solid foundation for morality in the very nature of things, and makes of the 'love' of which Mrs. Knight speaks the actual motive power of action.

To be convinced, intellectually, that a certain type of behaviour is 'desirable', 'at times and within limits', is not enough to ensure its adoption when social advantage, or passion, or the upsurge of bestial instincts call in the opposite direction. The promptings of our better nature need to be reinforced by the sense that they are also the commands of the spirit that rules the universe of which we are members.

Yours, etc.,

Shepton Mallet

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Sir,—Mrs. Margaret Knight, in her first talk, categorically asserts that 'There is no possible answer to the dilemma that was so forcefully stated by St. Augustine: "Either God cannot prevent evil, or He will not. If He cannot, He is not all-powerful: if He will not, He is not all-good"'. To which I reply, that there is an answer, and a most definite one. The answer depends upon one's definition of the word 'good'. I suppose God could have made us all puppets—perfectly 'good', healthy, happy creatures, dancing as He pulled the strings. But

He did better than this: He made us men, and gave us freedom to choose good, or reject it. Cannot Mrs. Knight see that this freedom is the greatest good of all, and the only good worth having? That such freedom in spiritual things allows for the possibility of man's choosing evil, does not make God the author of evil—but man. St. Augustine failed to see that God is all-good, in that He will never trespass upon human freedom of choice.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.12

DENNIS DUCKWORTH

Sir,—Surely Mr. Dallas Kenmare argues at cross purposes when he states that Mrs. Knight's first talk 'is based on a fundamental misconception . . . and is on that account alone invalid'. His reason is that 'true religion (the religion known to the mystics) is not a "system of beliefs", but belongs precisely to the same category as art, music, poetry, etc'. With this last proposition probably many humanists would agree; but certainly most orthodox churchmen and theologians would not. On the contrary, they would far prefer the *Oxford Dictionary* definition quoted by Mrs. Knight as being the sense in which she was using the term 'religion' in her talks—and this is, or is the source of, a system of beliefs. Therefore, I submit, Mr. Kenmare's argument is an *ignoratio elenchi* and falls to the ground.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

A. A. ALLEN

Man's Peril from the Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of January 20, Mr. Francis Leach writes 'I am surprised at Mr. Lionel Curtis misquoting (THE LISTENER, January 13) "Peace on earth to men of goodwill", and changing this potent statement into the sentimentalism "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men"'. In the authorised version Luke II v. 14 reads 'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men'. In the revised version it reads: 'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased'.

I apologise to Mr. Leach. As Sir Winston Churchill says, 'One should always verify quotations'.—Yours, etc.,

Kidlington

LIONEL CURTIS

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Francis Leach is 'surprised at Mr. Lionel Curtis misquoting "Peace on earth to men of good will", and changing this potent statement into the sentimentalism "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men"'. Mr. Leach's confidence is impressive; but the position should not be over-simplified. If (admittedly against the weight of MS. evidence) we read *eudokia* then we arrive at the rendering of the authorised version (Luke II v. 14) which, in substance, Mr. Curtis uses. If we read *eudokias*, then the Vulgate reading *bonae voluntatis*, preferred by the Douay version and Mr. Leach, becomes possible. But this interpretation is itself open to doctrinal objection, limiting as it does the field of divine blessing. The most attractive suggestion is that, with Fr. Ginn's, we construe the Greek: 'Peace to men who are thus made the objects of divine favour', or, more elegantly, in Mgr. Knox's non-committal phrase, 'peace . . . to men that are God's friends'.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

W. P. McKECHNIE

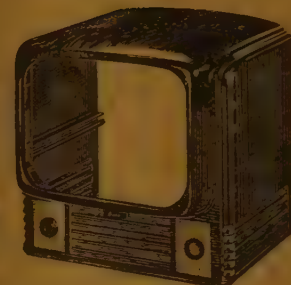
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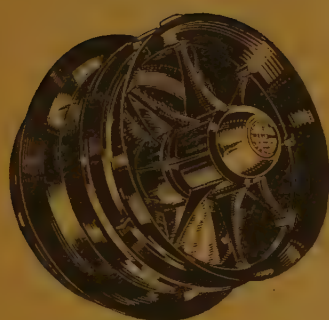
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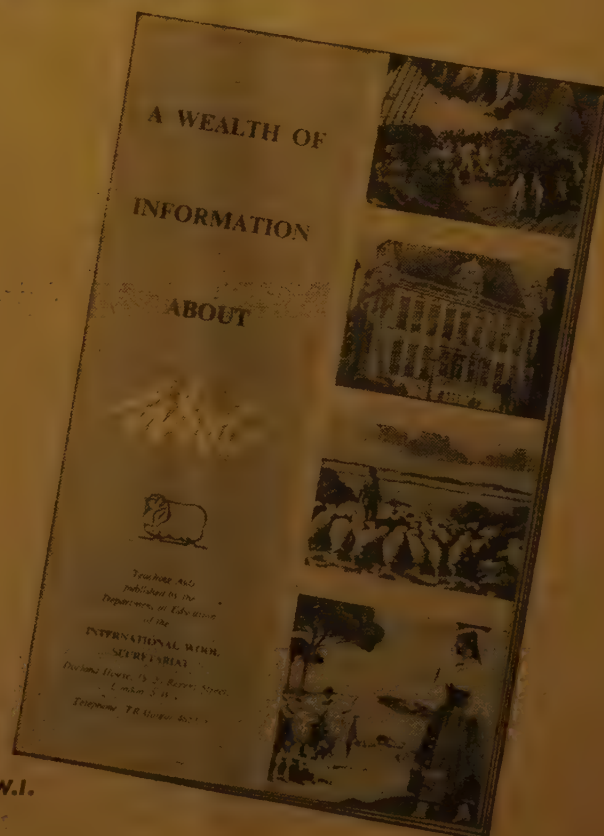
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Holland Remade

Sir,—We were much amazed to read in Jeanne Cooper Foster's report on housing in Holland (THE LISTENER, January 13) that the conditions were back almost to normal and that single women and childless couples were specially catered for.

Actually, the housing condition is no better, rather worse than six years ago. Families are still compelled to share houses and flats and in the majority of cases are entitled to a house (or flat) only if they have a minimum of two children, and even that is only acquired after months or years of waiting. There are many restrictions, i.e., one may not live in a town where one does not work and if one is successful in finding furnished or partly furnished rooms, then a permit has to be obtained from the council housing office before one may rent them. Single women are hardly considered and in our own case (childless couple) we have lived seven years either in partly furnished rooms or sharing a flat. As there was never any chance of us obtaining a house or flat we purchased a house but even so we have had a young family billeted on us, and little likelihood of being free for several years. If you refuse to co-operate, your rooms or house can be claimed by law.

The new houses are indeed built quickly but in most cases not solidly built and very expensive, no doubt due to much overtime having to be paid. In the town of Delft the housing situation is particularly bad.

Yours, etc.,

Delft

M. A. MULLER-MERCER

The Farmer and the Housewife

Sir,—Mrs. Honor Croome (THE LISTENER, January 13) doubtless intended as a compliment to farmers her observation that 'they are about the only producers who work as hard as the average mother of a young family'. It seems a pity that she did not pursue so fruitful an analogy a little further before enlarging upon 'the farmer's duty'.

A farm, after all, is not a factory. Like a human family, it is a community of living creatures, which it is the farmer's job to tend. Naturally (since he is paid by results), he tries so to manage it that as many as possible of its members grow into 'what the housewife wants'. But he can no more ensure complete conformity with this requirement than a housewife can ensure that all her children will grow into model citizens. Need it be mentioned that even prime lambs have had mothers who will eventually have to be eaten as ewe mutton, that no cow behaves exactly like a milk-making machine, and that occasionally we get a season, such as 1954, which renders some of the wheat crop unfit for human consumption?

Farmers and housewives are the two parties most directly concerned in this world-wide, non-stop process of food supply, and they have far more in common than is generally realised. At present they are kept well apart by a host of intermediaries, of whom the commercial variety seems no more efficient than the bureaucratic; at any rate, it is only since decontrol that we have had the ironical situation of falling farm prices 'coexisting' with rising retail food prices. If lively and intelligent observers such as Mrs. Croome could help to increase the extent of mutual understanding, mutual benefits could hardly fail to follow; for farmers today feel just as puzzled and frustrated as do housewives.

Yours, etc.,

Pangbourne

JORIAN JENKS

The Church and the Artist

Sir,—In the striking talk by the Bishop of Chichester on 'The Church and the Artist' (printed in THE LISTENER of January 13)

no mention is made by him of the musician, the artist in sound. It would have strengthened his plea. For music, surviving the holocaust of beauty at the Reformation, has been steadily cultivated within the Church. A living tradition of good music exists, controlling and inspiring musicians. No such corpus exists in the Church for visual art. Fear of Rome, which used it so magnificently, led to its rejection. There has been a recovery but it is only sporadic and apathy and ignorance abounds. This can only gradually be lessened by energetic action by those more enlightened among the clergy.

May I suggest two lines of advance. Festivals of music are held in cathedrals. The Three Choirs Festival is famous. Why not hold exhibitions of sacred art also? The Arts Council of Great Britain has done magnificent work with travelling exhibitions. I saw one devoted to the illustrations of the *Book of Job* by William Blake. It was held in a remote suburban hall but was worthy of a cathedral setting. I feel sure the Council would co-operate and render invaluable assistance out of their wide experience. Even if the originals are not possible in some cases, the art of colour reproduction has reached such perfection that the facsimiles of one London press I was shown are hard to distinguish from the originals. Such exhibitions would do much to develop an appreciation of art among those who never go to, or have no easy access to, our great art galleries.

Another instrument is the illustrated Bible. Here is a great opportunity for showing how the imagination can be quickened by the artist to a livelier appreciation of the Scriptures. Yet how feebly it is used. The illustrated Bibles widely circulated are deplorable, even those published by the universities. Few pictures of admitted genius are chosen. Instead, unknown artists are employed who paint pretty pictures lacking the spiritual grandeur of the Bible language. They simply muddy the imagination. There is no need for this artistic poverty. Great Bible pictures are already in existence not only among the 'Old Masters' but by modern English artists. Selections have never been made from the superb Bible illustrations of William Blake, many of which can be seen in the Tate Gallery. Acclaimed as one of our greatest religious artists by the secular world, 'for his like', as Sir Herbert Read says, 'we must go to the manuscripts and windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries', he is quite neglected by the Church. In America, where an appreciation of Blake is growing, a Bible for home reading has been published by private munificence illustrated by Blake's pictures. Alas that England has not yet had the wit to recognise her native genius.

I hope the Bishop of Chichester having put his hand to the plough will persist in his ploughing.—Yours, etc.,

Mansfield

F. HEMING VAUGHAN

Early Churches in South-east Turkey

Sir,—I was surprised that Mr. Michael Gough in his talk on early Christian churches in south-east Turkey (printed in THE LISTENER of January 13) should have stated that 'the early Christians had to invent and decide upon the type of building that would be suitable as a place of assembly and common worship... the church building, which we take for granted, had to be "thought up" and to become a subject for experiment'. Then going on to remark that from this 'thinking up' and experiment... it was the Hellenistic-Roman basilica that first emerged as the standard type of church'.

This theory of the Christian invention of the basilican plan for places of worship has been suspect since the discovery in 1917 of the subterranean basilica of a Pythagorean or other

mystical cult, near the Porta Maggiore in Rome, and has been quite exploded by the recently unearthed Temple of Mithras at Walbrook, which was a unique and perfect example of the pagan use of the 'church' form. Clearly the Christians borrowed a form which was already in religious use.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

W. H. MEACOCK

'Liberty Above all Things'

Sir,—After much fuss and diversion Mr. Simpson concedes (THE LISTENER, January 20) that 'the Presbyterians certainly hated toleration', and he does not deny that Selden hated intolerance. The question which remains is whether I was right to say in my talk that Selden's superior learning enabled him to undermine the intolerant claims of the Presbyterians. In his first letter Mr. Simpson claimed that I was wrong. So in my reply I cited an example—Selden's textual criticism of the scriptural basis of the Presbyterians' claim to the right to excommunication. In his second letter Mr. Simpson simply ignored this example and created a diversion by attacking the view, which he attributed to me though I never expressed it, that this claim was peculiar to Presbyterianism. I will now give a further example.

When the Presbyterian divines in the Westminster Assembly claimed unrestricted spiritual jurisdiction *jure divino* Selden helped Members of Parliament to draw up nine questions about the scriptural basis for this claim. The questions proved too difficult, no replies were sent to the Commons, and the claim was not pressed. These two examples substantiate my original contention that Selden was able to use his superior learning to defend liberty against Presbyterian presumption.

I cannot share Mr. Simpson's distress over the development of religious toleration in this country.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

J. W. N. WATKINS

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Berlioz: New Letters'

Sir,—May I raise a question about the few objections which your reviewer makes to my *New Letters of Berlioz* in THE LISTENER of November 18? I venture to do so, first, because I attach the highest importance to accurate translation, and second, because my otherwise generous critic seems to deny me an established international right.

He complains, namely, that I use such Americanisms as 'choosy', 'go it alone', and the like, for colloquial phrases in the original. Presumably I should have used colloquialisms now current in the British Isles. Perhaps I might have done so had the book been intended for British readers and had it been published in England. Neither of these conditions applies to the volume. It may be relevant to add that your reviewer's gallant assertion of linguistic hegemony is likely to be undone by the march of British prose, which with every new publication seems more and more 'dreadfully American'.

As for the other class of errors, I am glad to accept correction about the Trooping of the Color, but I demur at the objection to using 'curate' for *curé*. Several readers have pointed out to me this great blunder. My defence must be that I committed it in company with—indeed under the guidance of—the editors of the *Oxford English Dictionary*: see Curate, paragraph 1d: 'Applied to parish priests abroad; a French *curé*, Italian *curato*, Spanish *cura*, etc.'.

Yours, etc.,

Columbia University
New York

JACQUES BARZUN

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

ONE of the key-works of nineteenth-century painting, brought across the Atlantic for last summer's Venice Biennale, is on show till February 6 at the National Gallery. It is Courbet's strange, unfinished 'Toilette de la Mariée'. Here is Courbet for once without the flesh, the meat, which is precisely his supreme obsession. The wraiths in this painting are given their reality not by their own substance but only by their impeccable placing in space. And all the elaborate organisation of space is achieved, in the absence of any logic in the construction, entirely by tone. At the same time, the tonal relations establish a purely abstract harmony, which call Whistler's 'symphonies' to mind. But whereas in Whistler the drawing of the forms is brought into line with an ideal of pattern, the busy rustic gestures of the figures in the 'Toilette de la Mariée' are rendered with the rude directness of one of the more simple-minded followers of Giotto. It is perhaps this discrepancy between the roughness of the drawing and the suavity of the painting that gives this picture its irresistible charm.

Another current event of unusual interest is the Francis Bacon exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. This 'selection of paintings' is in effect a miniature retrospective, which includes three of the artist's five pre-war works known to be extant. The fourteen exhibits also include five paintings of the last two years which have not hitherto been shown in London (Nos. 7, 10, 11, and 13, and one *hors catalogue*). The selection is therefore an extremely interesting one—and also an extremely good one in that a majority of the works give us Bacon at his very best. One does, however, regret the absence of a landscape, and of a work of the period 1945-46—what might be called the 'red' period—and, above all, of one of those grey, ectoplasmic paintings of the year 1949 which dominated Bacon's first one-man show (the exhibit catalogued as 'Figure with Monkey, 1949' is not in fact the painting of that title done at that time but another, executed two years later).

Retrospective exhibitions—even of artists still in their forties—generally provide the occasion for a balanced evaluation. This is virtually impossible in Bacon's case, because many of the things that make him exciting today may render him laughable for future generations. For of all painters working now anywhere in the world Bacon is the most absolutely *modern*. He is bound up in the widespread trend towards dealing afresh with the problems of visual appearances, yet of all the painters moving in this direction he is almost alone in being a radical innovator, who is neither adapting the post-cubist tradition to a new purpose, nor reverting for inspiration to Courbet or the impressionists. Secondly, he exploits devices learnt from photography with a sophistication which painters have only just begun to exercise, for all that they have borrowed from photographs throughout the last hundred

years. Thirdly, he uses paint—or, rather, through his reliance on automatism, allows the paint he uses—to create evocative ambiguities of the kind which spring from 'action painting' and other means of expression on the borderline between abstract-expressionism and surrealism. All of which adds up to the fact that Bacon is reconciling the most contradictory of 'advanced' tendencies. In these respects, he is certainly no more 'modern' than Alberto Giacometti. But, beyond this, Bacon is the counterpart in painting of those writers who are most profoundly characteristic of this post-war period—Malraux, Sartre, and Camus:

all the themes are there: *angst*; the solitariness of man; the immanence of violence and disaster. Giacometti may convey no less than he that man is utterly alone; but not that man is living on the edge of the abyss. In Bacon's noiseless and oppressive spaces (as in our lives today) man confronts the unendurable. If this nightmare, which haunts us most when we are most awake, can ever be laughed off, then will be the time when Bacon's images *may* get round to looking a bit silly.

This year's Young Contemporaries' Exhibition (R.B.A. Galleries) is easily the best yet. This is because the customary number of exhibits has been cut by almost a half. Consequently, the average standard is higher, and the works have room in which to breathe. On the other hand, there is no clearly outstanding contributor this year. The picture (resembling some half-remembered illustration to Rabelais) which is reproduced here is no better than a dozen others in the exhibition: it is singled out because it is the most amusing and the least afraid.

Among the other Young Contemporaries who deserve attention—either for their sensibility or their skill or their courage (none have a lot of all three)—are Anthony Daniells, Angela Rimmer, Philip Jones, Pamela Lloyd, Christopher Hall, Eileen Glancy, Frank Auerbach, Helen Whiteford, Gillian Levin, David Wild, Joseph Tilson, Tom Cross, Gordon Snee, Norman Dilworth, David Storey, Michael Tyzack, A. Humphries, Pat Gerrard, Lucy Ranson, Julia M. Bladon, Alan Windsor, J. D. Burton, and Ralph Brown. The nine young artists showing at the Parsons Gallery are less interesting, with the exception of Anthony Whishaw, an expressionist.

The group of 'Nine Abstract Artists' discussed in a recent book by Lawrence Alloway, are showing together at the Redfern Gallery (until Saturday). Their exhibition has an agreeable serenity, but I think it would have been all the better if its unity had not been disrupted by its inclusion of two quite opposing trends. Mr. Alloway has pointed out that William Scott, Roger Hilton, and Terry Frost do not strictly belong with the others, and in the exhibition the truth of this is rather evident. The works on view include an entertaining 'Screw Mobile' by Kenneth Martin and a Pasmore relief which seems to me to be quite the finest piece of pure abstraction to have been produced in this country.



'Under Milk Wood', by Paula Rego, one of the 'Young Contemporaries' at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Realities of American Foreign Policy

By George F. Kennan.

Oxford. 10s. 6d.

IN THE SPRING OF LAST YEAR, Mr. George Kennan delivered a series of lectures—now published in book form—at Princeton University on the Realities of American Foreign Policy. The lectures, he said, represented an effort to relate contemporary problems of foreign affairs to certain of the more basic external realities among which American policy had to operate. The root of the American dilemma, in Mr. Kennan's view, is that in the post-war era American political thought 'came to be affected by a sort of schizophrenia. It operated on two different planes, quite separate from each other and seemingly having nothing to do with each other. We found ourselves living in two different worlds: one world a sane and rational one, in which we felt comfortable, in which we were surrounded by people to whom we were accustomed and on whose reactions we could at least depend; and the other world a nightmarish one, where we were like a hunted beast, oblivious of everything but survival, straining every nerve and muscle in the effort to remain alive'. And the problem that Mr. Kennan sets out to examine is whether unity and harmony can again be introduced into the concepts of American foreign policy. If Mr. Foster Dulles had not already used the phrase in an utterly different context, one might say that Mr. Kennan's book is a plea for an agonising re-appraisal of American foreign policy.

He notes how with the advance of the nineteenth century, the consciousness of the power factor in the scheme of American foreign relations seemed to pass gradually out of the American mind. The American people wanted 'their statesmanship impressive, unfunctional, with the emphasis on outward appearance rather than on inner reality. . . . We saw ourselves moving benevolently, helpfully, among the waiting peoples of the world, our experience now finally recognised as relevant to a wider sphere of humanity, our virtues no longer just the virtues of the American frontier, but the virtues of the world at large'. In the period between the turn of the century and the nineteen-thirties, the United States Government signed and ratified 'a total of ninety-seven international agreements dealing with arbitration or conciliation. . . . So far as I can ascertain only two of these treaties were ever invoked in any way. Every single one negotiated by Secretaries of State Bryan, Kellogg and Stimson appear to have remained wholly barren of any practical result'. The two world wars were merely unhappy interludes in the normal progress towards a world in which American ideals would be universally accepted. It was against that background that at the end of the second world war, the American people came unexpectedly face to face with the realities of Soviet power and with the threat of Communist subversion.

'If there is any great lesson we Americans need to learn with regard to the methodology of foreign policy, it is that we must be gardeners and not mechanics in our approach to world affairs'. With this precept as his text, Mr. Kennan goes on to discuss American relations with the Soviet and non-Soviet worlds. In Asia, he says, Americans must avoid the fallacy that they 'are dealing with some threat of military aggression comparable to that which faced the world when Hitler put his demands on the Poles in 1939'. Great emotional forces are stirring, and they would not disappear 'even in the un-

thinkable event that Moscow could be threatened or bludgeoned' into calling off its subversive operations. Mr. Kennan insists that the scope for useful American action there is limited. He urges, above all, that the peoples of Asia should not be given the impression 'that they have to choose between the Russians and ourselves. . . . We should not breathe down the necks of these peoples and smother them with our influence and attention'. There are many Americans, Mr. Kennan remarks, who 'seem to think of economic and technical aid only as a device by which we make other people fond of us and grateful to us. . . . Let us recognise that even benevolence, when addressed to a foreign people, represents a form of intervention into their internal affairs, and always receives, at best, a divided reception'.

The temptation to quote other passages from these brilliant and stimulating lectures must be resisted. It is the duty of all who take an intelligent interest in foreign affairs to read this book for themselves.

Vanished Without Trace

By Antoni Ekart. Max Parrish. 16s.

Vorkuta. By Joseph Scholmer.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.

A considerable literature already exists on the experiences of inmates of Soviet concentration camps. These latest additions to it between them cover nearly fifteen years: the first (already known to some in its original French version, of which this is an excellent translation), from 1940 to 1947, the second from 1949 to 1954. Both authors were deported to forced labour in remote arctic regions for reasons which could not by any civilised standards constitute a crime justifying the severity of the penalty inflicted: Ekart, a Polish engineer, for attempting to cross into Lithuania from Poland when Poland was invaded by the Russians; Scholmer, a German doctor, and a communist, on a trumped-up charge of being an agent of the Western Powers. Each author gives a very similar picture of life in these penal camps which is unhappy now only too familiar, and sufficiently authenticated by eye-witnesses not to be doubted. There is the same appalling mortality, the same reduction of life to its lowest levels through starvation, and the tyranny of the minority of criminal elements over the majority of political prisoners, tolerated by the authorities. Yet at the same time there is a greater freedom of thought and uninhibited speech than is possible in daily life in Soviet Russia outside the concentration camps, and the numerous conversations recalled by each author, particularly by Mr. Ekart, throw a good deal of new light on the life of the Soviet citizen. The material conditions in the post-war period depicted by Dr. Scholmer show some relative improvement as compared with the literal starvation of the war years when, according to Mr. Ekart's own observation while working as a camp hospital assistant, three to four hundred patients out of a thousand were dying every month as a direct result of malnutrition.

The human interest of records of experiences such as these depends on the personality of the narrator. Bitterness, resentment, political passion, readiness to judge, and a tendency to generalise too widely from a particular observation are understandable enough in anyone who has been through the harrowing experience of life in one of these camps. But the fact remains that such emotions largely destroy the value of the account presented. It is precisely the absence of these

aspects in Mr. Ekart's book which makes it undoubtedly one of the best accounts of this nature that has appeared. He has set down his experiences soberly, simply, without exaggeration or emphasis. He neither conceals his own weaknesses nor goes out of his way to judge those of others. He readily gives credit where it is due (even to an N.K.V.D. officer), and his portrait of the almost saintly figure of the Jewish camp doctor, himself a prisoner, is moving and ennobling, because it shows that humanity can triumph even where men are by their conditions reduced to the level of beasts.

Dr. Scholmer tells a story of a different order. (Incidentally, it bears all the marks of having been written in great haste, and could have been considerably improved by a little skilful editing.) He has neither the humanity nor the balance, which are the qualities which make Mr. Ekart's account so memorable. The result is that, although no doubt he has tried to set down truthfully what he heard and saw, his narrative lacks reality. As he admits, he tended to dismiss his Russian fellow inmates as informers or supporters of the regime, and sought contacts mainly with the other Germans and with the numerous representatives of the Russian minority nationalities. However, six weeks after the rising in Eastern Germany of June 17, 1953, there took place an organised strike of the Vorkuta miner prisoners who mine most of the coal for Leningrad. Dr. Scholmer's detailed and largely eye-witness account of this strike, of which some press accounts have already appeared, is undoubtedly of great interest. The strike seems to have been quite easily quelled by the authorities, though it is notable that methods of concession and persuasion were resorted to as well as force. But the very fact that a strike had been possible made an enormous impression on Dr. Scholmer. It has led him to argue that, given support from the West, the numerous concentration camp population would rise and overthrow the Russian communist regime. Not all will be convinced by his argument. But his book does draw attention to a dilemma which may be facing the Soviet rulers, who have based a sizeable percentage of their economy on slave labour: that by increasing the subsistence level of their prisoners, in order to avoid uneconomic loss of manpower, they increase the risk of unrest. For starving men do not rebel.

Mistinguette. By Mistinguette.

Elek Books. 21s.

Take It For a Fact. By Ada Reeve.

Heinemann. 21s.

So much more is this book than merely the success story of a vaudeville artist who knew how to turn a pair of graceful legs into an international legend, that almost every page is rewarding. Its author (one suspects her of rapid dictation) is a keen observer of life and no respecter of persons. That she has also a Gallic wit adds to our enjoyment of whatever she has to say. Nor has she any illusions about herself: 'Before I can play anything, I have to be myself. The character has to be "me". That is why the classics as a rule do not attract me. Phèdre is not "me"'. As a child in the raffish world of the Paris music-hall she knew how to take care of herself. Of a certain producer she says: 'I slapped his face when he attempted to arrange my stockings at a level where they were no longer his concern'.

Unable to recall exactly what a burly Englishman who visited the Eldorado frequently said

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in collaboration with JULIAN GLOAG

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HART-DAVIS

to her when he came to her dressing-room carrying flowers, she adds that she does not think it was particularly witty, though the flowers were nice. Which may well be our loss, since the caller was Oscar Wilde. But she remembers word for word what Edward VII (as Prince of Wales) confided to her upon many occasions, and repeats a compliment he once paid the women of Paris: 'All the real Parisians I have known have either been great ladies capable of behaving like actresses or actresses capable of behaving like great ladies. Only in Paris does one meet with anything so complete'.

Her calm attitude towards royalty provides a key to the unaffectedness of Mistinguette's personality. Of the Duke of Windsor, in whose company she had spent many enjoyable hours: 'I thought of him in 1937, in his great dilemma. . . . And so he abdicated, and became as restless as I am when I am out of work'. And again, after listening to the Coronation: 'I thought of that dear little girl I had once seen in Hyde Park, riding her pony. And I imagined all the beauty of the ceremony and how tired she must be under her golden crown. It is far greater "Music-Hall" than mine'.

Beside her French contemporary, Ada Reeve seems almost prim in style, yet she re-creates the magical atmosphere of London's music-hall in the 'nineties far better than it has been done by many professional writers. Seen through her eyes, the artists with whom she shared the top of the bill come wonderfully to life. Though an admirer of Marie Lloyd's genius, she did not care for her greatly as a person. Marie never forgave Ada for being a moderate drinker: 'Money and Misery—that's what you are!' she said. In the company of her husband (Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's manager, who had all the veneer of a gentleman) Ada chanced to meet Marie on the front at Brighton. She was greeted with: 'Hulloa, Cock! Who's your boy-friend? . . . Ain't it bleedin' cold, eh?' To which the husband replied: 'Yes, Miss Lloyd, it is indeed chilly—we had better be moving on'. Quite unabashed, Marie said to Ada: 'Blimey! You've picked yourself a toff all right!' There speaks the essentially lovable, richly exuberant Marie Lloyd. And hers is only one of the many vivid portraits which add to the enjoyment of these gay memoirs.

Crocodile Fever

By Lawrence Earl Collins. 12s. 6d.
Matto Grosso

By Wacław Korabiewicz. Cape. 16s.
The fashion for crocodile-leather handbags and shoes has led to the destruction of such great numbers of crocodiles that in some parts of Africa the law now protects these animals and makes their slaughter illegal. Not that anyone has any love for crocodiles—but crocodiles, especially young ones, are of great economic importance to man. For without them the waters produce swarms of tiny fish; but with them the shoals are thinned out, and the survivors reach a size that makes them worth catching. In the rivers of Brazil, however, every man's hand is still against the alligators.

Crocodile Fever is a story of failure; it recounts at second hand the adventures of a South African who was one of those people that undertake any amount of hard labour to avoid work. Young Dempster wanted to be a hunter, found there was a market for crocodile skins, borrowed money for an outfit, and set out to make his fortune. He 'shot-out' the pools of the Kariba gorge until there were no more crocodiles to shoot. The proceeds brought him a tobacco farm in Northern Rhodesia where he settled with his newly married wife; but it all ended in tragedy, financial ruin, drink, divorce.

Wacław Korabiewicz was a Polish refugee in

Brazil; in *Matto Grosso* he tells of a crazy hunting trip with two companions into the wilds of the state of that name, and of collecting stuffed birds for a living. The journey was an extraordinary experience and they saw many interesting things; but although the author hated the continual murder of wild life his sympathies are with the pretty birds and furry creatures—a spider is a 'filthy hairy brute', and a bat has a 'nasty little doggy face'. Kindness to animals evidently means kindness to nice animals. Rivers are the only highways in Matto Grosso, and all of them are full of alligators. The hunters shot great numbers of the unfortunate reptiles, but did not save the hides—they left the carcasses to float down the river as stinking bloated rafts with half a dozen vultures perched upon them.

Both these books are readable descriptions of exciting adventures in wild places, although the natural history, especially in *Matto Grosso*, falls far short of scientific accuracy.

The Story of Medicine

By Kenneth Walker. Hutchinson. 21s.

Mr. Walker admits that the story of the growth of the art of medicine cannot properly be told. It happens not to be a subject that can be broken up into separate events which can be arranged tidily in chronological order. Even if it could be, it is far too big to be presented adequately to the general reader in a single volume. Mr. Walker, however, has read widely in his subject, can pick and choose wisely, and can summarise in separate chapters the subjects he thinks are best. As a result he has written a fine book distinguished for its interest and its learning. The skill with which he has worked up his abundant, and often technically complex, material deserves much praise. The whole works into an admirable unity.

The first eight chapters trace the growth of medicine from prehistoric times through 'the seventeenth century of genius' to the discoveries made before 1825. Since then medicine has entered on its era of science and specialisation. To this period the author devotes a dozen chapters, singling out such topics as the story of surgery, the conquest of pain, the mastery of wound infection, illnesses of the mind, deficiency diseases, and so on. There is an interesting, and not at all bitter, last chapter on quackery. This is a suitable book for the layman. It ought, in particular, to be read by any schoolboy who hopes one day to qualify. It is very well illustrated. A prize book in more senses than one.

Minor Poems of Alexander Pope

Twickenham Edition Vol. VI. Edited by Norman Ault and John Butt.
Methuen. 45s.

This is an astonishing piece of editing, to which the late Norman Ault had devoted a good deal of time during the last seventeen years of his life—with what profit is already known to readers of his *New Light on Pope*—a work piously carried on by Professor Butt, not simply in his capacity as general editor of the edition, but as a friend closely in touch with Norman Ault's mind. With a care that is really meticulous, afraid of the least error, every poem down to the smallest epigrammatic couplet is traced, the results being given in critical apparatus which is beautifully illuminating about Pope, as well as about the odd vagaries of publication at that time, and of the literary life. This volume is divided into two unequal parts, the first containing the authentic poems, those acknowledged by Pope being marked with an asterisk; the second, a modest appendix, including those attributed to him on dubious grounds. Those which have at

times been given to Pope, but are certainly not his, are mentioned in their fitting place, but not reprinted. Each part is arranged in chronological order, the first part showing where these minor poems fit in with the great works. Anyone who knows anything about Pope will realise that this was a tricky task.

For this labour the general reader has cause to be grateful, so varied is the pleasure offered him. For here we get Pope in nearly all his moods: Pope being tender, being gay, being light-hearted, ambitious, satirical, slightly naughty, or very improper indeed; occasionally savage, but sometimes devotional and even religious. Much of the book is made up of crumbs, but they fell from a master's table.

There are, of course, solid morsels, good poems, part of the familiar canon, such as the two Epistles 'To a Lady', the one to Martha, the other to Teresa Blount; the St. Cecilia Ode, the delicious imitations of English poets, the early, but revised Ode on Solitude, the lines on Addison from which 'Atticus' grew, together with other early satires. Here are the delightful romping poems in ballad metre, which Pope could handle so amusingly, the most famous of which is the 'Farewell to London'; or those in varied stanzaic form, such as the 'Court Ballad', all of which prove that Pope's genius was not, as is often so foolishly said, confined to the heroic couplet. Further there are the epitaphs, epigrams, versicles, and all manner of occasional poems, such as the one on 'Dawley Farm', which Norman Ault would have included among the authentic poems, but is here consigned to the dubious list by the perhaps excessive caution of Professor Butt; and the Gulliver poems Swift hailed with delight. Among the old friends there are in either section pieces which have never before appeared in editions of Pope, the most important of which is the libretto of Handel's oratorio 'Esther'.

At all events there is something in this volume to fit almost any mood. Moreover we are supplied with the basis for a biography. We follow the mind of Pope, with his enormous sense of pure fun, his vast amusement at mystification, or when he 'equivocated pretty genteelly' to keep the perilous social balance: and we follow him from the early trustful days through his disillusion with the Buttonians, the Homeric battles, the quarrels with Curl, Dennis, Cibber, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey; we also trace his generousities, his numberless kindnesses to other poets, the depth of his friendships with Gay and Arbuthnot, his social comings and goings. The editors help to impart the sense of life by often giving the context of an occasional poem, as in the lines to Bathurst about his newly planted wood. The full joy, it is true, will be obtained only by anyone ready to pursue the reference to *New Light* or to the other volumes of this edition, as with the incidents surrounding the paraphrase of the First Psalm. Here, however, to fill in the picture, we are given the Sternhold and Hopkins version of which Pope's so-called 'blasphemous' lines are a parody.

General Dean's Story

By Major-General William F. Dean.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

General Dean commanded the first American division to encounter the Communists in Korea. His small force, hurriedly committed against a whole army, was inevitably overrun, and General Dean was taken prisoner. He appears, from his exceptionally clear and honest account of three years' captivity, as an embodiment not only of his country's virtues, but of its outlook and its dilemma in the Far East.

Accepting that it was the mission of the United States to save the people of South Korea

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ON CURRENT EVENTS



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from Communism, he went to war eagerly and fought bravely to the last, resisting barchanded even at the moment of his capture. He took it for granted that the South Korean Government was an admirable one because it was anti-Communist, although as a Military Governor of South Korea he had witnessed and tried to mitigate its barbarities. When he was separated from his troops and tried to escape back to his own lines, he wandered for days in country that was supposed to be friendly. Sometimes he was given food and shelter, but in most places the population turned out to hunt him, even the children. The shock and distress caused by the discovery that the Americans were hated by those they wished to help overhung the whole of his captivity, and is the principal theme of his book. 'If the people of South Korea resented the northern invaders, they certainly weren't showing it. To me, the civilian attitude appeared to veer between enthusiasm and passive acceptance. I saw no sign of resistance or any will to resist'.

In captivity, he learned some of the reasons for the welcome given to the Communists. They came as champions of an Asian nationalism inflamed by a century of repression, so that they were able to appeal to Koreans of all classes. General Dean mentions Ahn Chai Hong, a South Korean leader whom he had previously known and respected as 'an intense patriot and a brave man' who went over to the Communists. To the poorer classes they offered land, and promises of 'a route toward a better life for themselves and their children'. Their violent and incessant propaganda captured the minds of an uneducated population, who believed, for instance, in their germ warfare charges against the American forces. 'It was undoubtedly a big hoax, dictated from above. But man, it was sold to the people'. A contributory cause, which he mentions critically in his book, was the inaccuracy of American bombing, which inflicted great suffering on the civilian population while military objectives remained undetected.

Although, on the whole, he was reasonably well treated, he was subjected to occasional minor cruelties, and saw many worse cruelties practised around him. These he ascribes as much to the Korean character as to the Communist mentality. Certainly, he is less concerned by the enemy's brutality than by the enemy's hold upon the Asian mind. What he describes as 'the worst moment I had in Korea' was a talk with one of his guards, who one day 'drew in the dirt a clear map of the Korean peninsula. He said, "Chosen (Korean) house, okay?" I said, "Yes, Chosen house". He said, "Not American house?" I said, "No". "But Americans", he said, "in Chosen house. Why?"

It is on the implications of this question that the present differences between British and American far eastern policies are founded. General Dean's book, which deliberately throws light on the Asian mind and unintentionally reveals the workings of the American mind, may help us in our task of mediating between the two.

The Criminal Law. By F. T. Giles. Penguin Books. 2s. 6d.

This valuable book of reference is within the means of all interested in the administration of justice to law-breakers. It begins with a sort of revised version of the Brides in the Bath murder trial and traces the various processes of the law from arrest to conviction. While these chapters add to the interest of the book, they necessitate some repetition. Those familiar with the ways of metropolitan magistrates' courts will be surprised to find that in the author's account of this semi-imaginary case only one adjournment

was necessary and that the Director of Public Prosecutions was ready to complete the hearing there a week after the accused's first appearance.

In the rest of the book there is at times an amount of detail that sometimes seems excessive. Occasionally the text is lightened by attractive similes. The author writes that 'a policeman may be regarded as an expert on drunkenness', an opinion with which juries usually refuse to agree. In such cases the evidence of the policeman, who is the first to see a car driver in such a state, is ordinarily neglected amid the findings of medical men who examine the accused some time afterwards. On the subject of evidence in court by children Mr. Giles writes sensibly, but he fails to tackle some of the practical difficulties. Thus he writes that it is a good practice, before a child takes the oath, 'to let the child read the oath and see if he understands it'. But how many children can understand the word 'evidence', which appears in the oath? Some enlightened magistrates in Children's Courts have ceased to use this word and have substituted some such words as 'what I will say to the court'.

Dealing with present day criticisms of the McNaghten Rules as a standard for testing the responsibility of accused persons for their actions Mr. Giles does well to emphasise that the defence of insanity 'is usually put forward only to escape sentence of death'. He adds:

As the law now stands it is doubtful if the psychiatrists would feel much happier if persons suffering from [lesser mental] disabilities were allowed to plead insanity, when a criminal lunatic asylum is the alternative punishment. What some psychiatrists seem to want is to be allowed to set up a defence which will set their clients free.

If this 'golden age of psychology' were ever brought about, 'instead of his intelligence quotient, every man jack of us will have his irresistible impulse quotient'. The author might well have pointed out that the main practical justification for the McNaghten Rules is that juries have to decide issues that concern them. Subtleties about irresistible impulse are not suitable for juries, but should be considered when verdicts of guilty have been given, when sentence has to be decided.

Those who have studied this book, even with much skipping, will acquire a useful impression of English criminal law, even if they do not agree with the author that it is 'the greatest system of law the world has ever known', or that an 'aura of martyrdom' surrounds the accused.

John Donne. By K. W. Gransden. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Some writers are biographically fascinating because much is known about them, others because little is known. Johnson and Lamb are of the former class, Donne of the latter. This latest study does little to destroy the fascination of the unknown, so far as Donne is concerned. While perhaps underestimating the permanent effects on his nature of Donne's Roman Catholic upbringing, in other respects Mr. Gransden gives a reliable account of the known facts of his life. But considering the high position he has long occupied among English poets (Mr. Gransden might be surprised to know that there are many readers living who admired *Songs and Sonets* before the publication of *The Sacred Wood*) Donne remains a shadowy figure. Mr. Gransden is right in saying that the Jack Donne we postulate is substantially the author of *Songs and Sonets*, the Elegies and the Satires, and must be deduced from these writings, in default of hard facts. It is not helpful to insist repeatedly on Donne's 'Jacobean' mind, since the historical Jack Donne was indisputably an Elizabethan: unless, that is, one wants to forget the indiscre-

tions of Jack Donne, as the regenerate Donne himself did and as some of his present-day Anglican admirers would like to do. It is all very well to say, as Mr. Gransden does, that there was only one Donne—that the author of *Songs and Sonets* was also the author of *Deaths Duel*. The two simply do not add up to one, at least not without a good deal of guesswork, which Mr. Gransden leaves unattempted.

The unregenerate Donne was a poet—something like Mercutio and something like Romeo; the poems have captivated readers of this century as they captivated the Elizabethans. The converted Donne is not much like Mercutio or Romeo or his younger self; the nervous hysteria which appeared only occasionally in the poems has become almost a deliberate attitude; there is a note of self-castigation perhaps due to a sense of suppressed guilt on account of religious apostasy; and in the Sermons Donne appears constantly to be exerting his poetic power in a sort of emotional blackmail of his hearers. The famous preacher, the Anglican divine, despite all his self-doubts and self-torture, may still seem to some readers less attractive than the more conjectural figure of the earlier Donne; in any case, how the one grew out of the other has not yet been biographically explained. However, until historical research or a fortunate accident reveals much more than we know at present, Mr. Gransden's book, with its many excellent pages of critical analysis, will remain a useful general guide for what publishers call, unofficially, 'the sixth form public'.

The City and County of Bristol By Bryan Little.

Werner Laurie. 25s.

Punch has recently tilted at Non-stopography, but Mr. Little's book on Bristol is not just another topographical pot-boiler or just another guide book. It is a serious and conscientious compilation of the history of what was for a long time England's Second City and is still of all the provincial cities of England that with the most pronounced character. Moreover, Bristol has the distinction of being not only a city but a county, a distinction which, five hundred years after Bristol, London came to share. Mr. Little's book is comparable to Mr. Middlebrook's on Newcastle, Mr. Robbins' on Middlesex, and Dr. Hoskins' on Devon—which is saying much. There is only one thing to be regretted, namely that Mr. Little's wide knowledge of West Country and Bristol architecture—his speciality for a number of years—has been banished into a fifteen-page appendix instead of leavening the fifteen main chapters. There was no doubt a publisher's wish here, but what can have occasioned it? One would so much have liked to hear more of early secular architecture (the fragments of a Transitional house inside the Law Society Library, the doorway of St. Bartholomew's Hospital) and of the character of Bristol and Clifton domestic building of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in comparison with those of Bath and other West Country towns.

Mr. Little is an experienced and civilised writer. The occasional references to the Greeks (a comparison between the defences of Bristol in the Civil War and those of Syracuse in the Athenian siege) and the detailed treatment of English literature in its Bristol aspects are welcome and reassuring. So are, from another point of view, the occasional references to unprinted sources and the excellent sixteen-page bibliography. There seem to be few errors and those there are are minor. Mr. Little, in order to prepare this book, chose to live in Bristol and has, one understands, not changed his mind since its completion. That surely is the best proof of both devotion and enthusiasm.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Too Much Music?

REMARKS HERE about so-called background music in television programmes have called up a loud approving response from fellow sufferers. Mr. Charles Leadbitter, of Battersea, has written: 'I would like to express my thanks and to endorse what you say. Can nothing be done to stop this maddening use of background music on every occasion (Television News and Newsreel included)?' He wonders if those who are responsible 'realise the annoyance they are causing to many viewers'. Mr. J. A. Marshall, of Saltdean, Sussex, tells me that he has aired the grievance among his viewing friends—'Every one agrees with me'—and he ascribes to this Critic on the Hearth a weight of influence which it would be flattering to know could bring down the scales on the side of common sense.

That sovereign quality is too often defied in the uses of background music. Not even the interludes are immune and Mr. Marshall particularly resents that because the implication of those charming pictures of 'The Millstream and Church at Olney', 'Waterwheel', and 'Placid River' are that for a few brief moments we are, as he says, 'far from the madding crowd'. I would not wish those interlude pictures to be included in the larger condemnation. The music which goes with 'Olney' pleasantly confirms the restfulness of the scene. For those who might like to know, it is taken from two compositions, 'Starlings' by Charles Williams, and 'How Beautiful is the Night' by Robert Farnon, the Canadian composer who gave us an enjoyable half-hour the other evening in his programme called 'Contrasts'. But the point which Mr. Marshall makes is a valid one. Those who must have music with their programmes might derive pleasure and instruction from choosing their own with the aid of a gramophone. It would be interesting to know what goes on in the minds of those who at present prescribe background

music for television. Or is it that they think with their nerves? I reach the conclusion that it is time for producers to survey afresh this whole problem of the place of music in their activities. With solemnly upraised hand, I swear to my fellow victims that I will not let the matter rest until reform has come. I hope they will help to swell the protesting chorus.

A new series called 'Home' and another called 'Nine Days' Wonders' made their *début* last week, the first put up to us as 'a magazine programme to interest the family', the second as 'some classic mysteries and curiosities'. 'Home' was a curious assortment of notions about how well flowers look when arranged in a tea caddy, new kitchen gadgets, making 'potato men', weather protection on the golf course, fashions for women, and pigs' trotters. Set out



As seen by the viewer: 'Viewfinder' on January 19—the Blue Mosque, Istanbul, and (right) the mausoleum of Kemal Ataturk at Ankara

Photographs: John Cura

like that, it reads like a list of hysterical symptoms. What sort of home had the producer, Kenneth Milne-Buckley, in his mind's eye—an inebriated? What appears to have been attempted is a glamorised blend of 'About the Home' and 'Leisure and Pleasure', the regular afternoon programmes which are produced with a solid disregard of eccentricity. It will be fair to withhold final comment until the series has gone a little farther along its course, though I will dare to say that palpitating anticipation of the second programme was not aroused by the first.

The series about curiosities and mysteries unblushingly trades on an idea lately exploited by more than one London newspaper, the recounting of inexplicable occurrences, not excluding the now utterly hackneyed one about the *Marie Celeste*, announced for next month. By this reckoning, television is giving a new dimension to the *Tit-Bits* journalism of at least fifty years ago, which does not strike me as being highly commendable enterprise. Fortunately for the programmes and for viewers who prefer the relief of a robust voice, Frank Owen is in charge of the expository side and while, as a history honours man, he is not likely to find high inspiration in these oft-told tales, he takes hold of the task with ungrudging vitality and thoroughness. Our attention is compelled by the force of his narrations rather than held by the re-enacted episodes which give the programme its action. Last

week, the eighteenth-century costume emphasis was overwhelming. We could almost smell the mothballs.

The outside broadcast cameras had a busy week reporting on atomic power for peace from Amersham, milk from Birmingham, boxing from Cardiff, milk from Carmarthenshire, the International Burns Festival dinner from Ayr, and an ice-hockey match from the same place. You see, by the way, how administration impinged on the programme planning. The cameras at Cardiff moved on to Carmarthen; those at the Burns dinner stayed on for the ice-hockey two days later, the operative word being overhead. At Ayr, I preferred the ice-hockey, the Burns dinner proving disappointing television of what one had supposed to be a necessarily spirited occasion. But the speech by Leonard

Brockington was admirable and one was glad to have heard it. The microphone report of the applause given to it hardly flattered the dinner.

'Market for Milk', taking us over a collecting depot (80,000 gallons a day) was almost embarrassingly interesting, doubtless because one's expectations of sheer factual dullness were not fulfilled. 'Milk for Milady' was fascinating and beautifully produced; congratulations to David Martin, who was well served by Jeanne Heal and the experts. 'Atoms for Export' opened the doors of the Radiochemical Centre from which this country

sends isotopes all over the world, a rising new export trade which is good for the British name as well as for the British exchequer. Television seemed more at home here than in the eighteenth-century sets of 'Nine Days' Wonders'.

Indoors, at Lime Grove, there was the tele-recording of 'Person to Person', in which E. H. Murrow was seen interviewing Lily Pons, completely beguiling twenty minutes, 'Viewfinder' on Turkey, and Mary Field telling us about her travels on behalf of Children's Film Foundation, Ltd., with film excerpts as illustrations, an entirely successful 'personal appearance' programme. It is pleasant to be able to add that 'In the News' has not suffered from its change of management. Last Friday night's edition was a good one.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Same Old Men

'YOU'LL HAVE THE SET TEA or you'll have nothing'. I recall the precise tone, after some years, of a waitress' reply to a timid enquiry about a northern 'festival' as to whether one could have 'just a pot of tea'. The television fare through *Radio Times* dress it up never so artfully, is very like a British menu, the unchanging, undated list which reads mysteriously but bluntly: 'Soup, fish or joint, pudding or cheese'. When one says 'What soup is it?' the waitress often replies 'It's soup, dear' (as if one hadn't understood), then adds 'It's very nice though' (as if mitigation of some kind was clearly needed). Later on the comedy is repeated with the cheese; though the pudding is often highly describable, being laced with burning marmalade.

Thoughts of such fare recur when yet again



Frank Owen presenting 'The Bullets in the Rifle' in 'Nine Days' Wonders' on January 17



Viera in songs with her guitar on January 20

Sunday night is seen to consist of 'What's My Line?' and ninety minutes with Grannie Whiteoak. We have now reached 1919—only one more war to cross and we shall be bang up to date. Gran Whiteoak is ninety-four and the ghastly old scold shows no diminution of power. 'You'd have made a good soldier, Gran', says young Renny, returned from the wars (he of the former play, in which there was all that ahem on the haystack, doncher-know?). To which the old crow replies 'Been something harder than a soldier all my life; been a woman for ninety-four years'. You should recall the men she's outlived!

I am, however, getting attached in a dazed sort of way to Jalna. That is the idea, I suppose. Like the Jesuit saying 'Give us the child for the first five years' . . . meaning, thereafter he is ours for ever; so, too, after all these sessions with the Whiteoak family I am 'stuck with them'. Willy-nilly, one grows interested in people—does one not?—be they only the people on each side of you in a hospital ward.

The upshot of this episode was Renny's return and the discomfort this affords to his uncles who, in Gran's ladylike phrase, lack guts. There is also Miss Eunice Gayson, who was represented as a horse coper, though I don't think—unless these old eyes closed in sleep at one moment—we actually ever saw her coping. But she was very stubborn and undecided about whether to let the 'master' kiss her or not. Still, not a bad performance as they went.

We also met the young person unpleasantly named Pheasant. Petra Davies, a most hopeful young artist, gave her a certain sparkle, which was needed, for her home life did indeed seem parlous. Her dad, who all through the war had remained in the ranks in the hope (did I understand?) of being killed all the quicker—in that war, surely he'd have been so more speedily as a junior officer—remained very morose about his jilting by Miss W. (Elizabeth Maude) and in Richard Leech's gloomiest tones was wont to cry such things as 'Home? Fine word for a natural child and an old crone of a housekeeper!' But seeing what life at Jalna was like with the kind of mother-in-law he would inherit, I thought he seemed unduly bitter.

And then, of course, there is the little trouble with the Widow Stroud, who has indeed got guts (as they keep saying in this part of Ontario)

and claws too, which she puts into young Eden—no, not the Foreign Secretary but grandma's boy easily decoyed by this Delilah. Poor young chap, he is so green (though Brian Nissen makes him manly and gutful) that he does not know that in a nice Canadian family play like this any woman who comes on over-acting like Miss Joyce Heron, simpering artificially and baring her gums with a dreamy smile, is always supposed to be a *dangerous* woman. All that talk of poetry was just leading him on. As the crafty Jim Dayborn put it (Olaf Pooley gave this *louche* fellow a wonderful, sinister leer), it wasn't poetry the widow was after. Such a transparently ungentlemanly observation of course tipped us off to expect the worst of its maker: so we were not utterly winded when it turned out that young Dayborn, far from being horsescoping Christina's brother, was really her husband. However, I managed the gasp that was expected of me.

It was an evening full of delightful upsets of this kind, and it coasted along with great fluency and neat cutting in Douglas Allen's production.

grandson, from the deposed Edward of Carnarvon, weak, petulant, favourite-ridden—and yet 'of a tough nature', said Holinshed—to the deposed Richard of Bordeaux, long preyed upon by 'the caterpillars of the commonwealth'. Edward mourns: 'But what are kings, when regiment is gone, but perfect shadows in a sunshine day?' And unking'd Richard wishes for the usurper 'many years of sunshine days'. In each chronicle clouds loom over England to blot the sun; the barons are always there to outface the throne, and Edward and Richard alike might exclaim 'Was ever king thus overruled as I?' Richard, too, as he rode north to Pomfret, must have thought of an earlier death at Berkeley. The Berkeley scenes in this revival of 'Edward II' were terrifying. The murderer's 'Foh!' as he thrust back the door of the 'lake', the dungeon-sewer where Edward lay; the dripping of water; Paul Scofield's voice that would have forced tears from granite; the shriek that rang across Severn; these things shudder yet in memory.

Earlier the producer, R. D. Smith, had cut and rearranged with guile, even dividing the deposition scene. We were seized at once in Gaveston's first flaunt, the 'antic hay' soliloquy, and urged forward across the bloodstained years to the doom of Mortimer. The years sped rapidly. I could hardly believe in their passage, but then Marlowe's telescoping is too abrupt: in 'Richard II', which covers a much shorter period, we do feel the lapse of time.

The performance held the mind. Paul Scofield's speech is diamond-cut. He could deal with such a phrase as 'This isle shall fleet upon the ocean, And wander to the unfrequented Inde'; he flashed in Edward's passionate outbreaks—the king has more fight in him than Richard, that lord of grief—and at times there was a pleading note that, if the real Edward had had it, might have swayed even the barons. We heard it in the farewell to Gaveston ('Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part' is a line echoed in



'Lies My Father Told Me', on January 18, with (left to right) Michael Brooke as David, Michael Balfour (behind) as Yosel, Leonard Sachs as Zaida, Paul Hardtmuth as Old Man Two, and Bernard Rebel as Old Man One

There were a few moments when the camera couldn't decide between a back view or a blank, but not many, and most of the shots were smartly marshalled. Like Wragge (Sam Kydd) the batman, things settled down with remarkable rapidity. But I still think it odd how Wragge was able to turn into a butler overnight. Miss Mazo De La Roche knows much more of Canadian (or indeed any) psychology than I would lay claim to, but this smooth adjustment seemed to me out of key with Gran's usual interfering. Would she have accepted it? Jean Cadell and John Justin sustained the major roles unflinchingly.

'Robinson and Co.' must delight the nursery. The children's space travel serial 'Return to the Lost Planet' was pleasantly childish, as all science fiction should be, and without last week's adult play's hysteria. Still, I bet it caused some agitation. The landing was quite thrilling.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Full of Fight

MARLOWE'S 'EDWARD II' (Home) is one of those sad stories of the death of kings. Naturally the mind slips from great-grandfather to great-



'Whiteoak Heritage' on January 23, with (left to right) Eunice Gayson as Chris Cummings, Jean Cadell as Adeline ('Gran') Whiteoak, Joyce Heron as Amy Stroud, and John Justin as Renny

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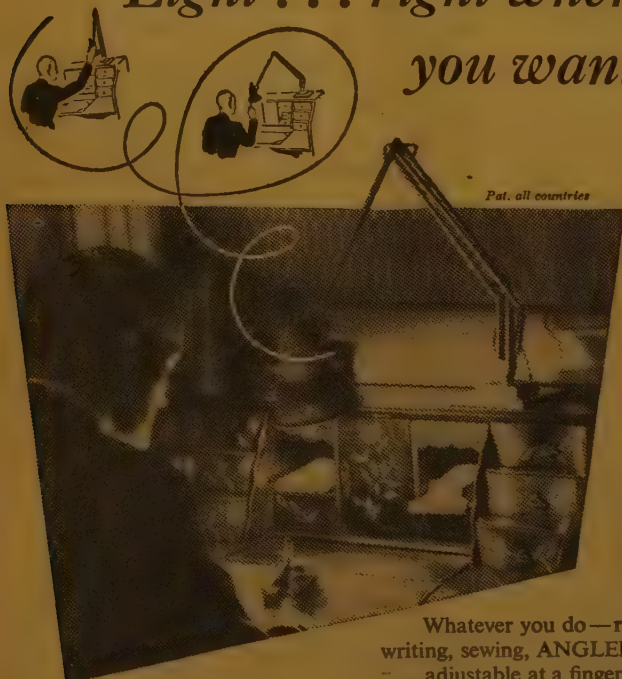
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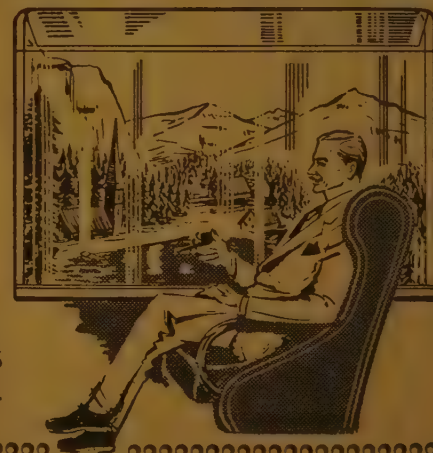
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BRITISH ORGANISATION THROUGHOUT

'Richard II'). Pamela Brown managed, as well as possible, to rationalise Isabella, 'she-wolf of France' as another poet would name her; and Paul Rogers lent his vigour to Mortimer, who calls Gaveston, nicely, 'a vile torpedo', who finds Marlovian images when advancing the tattered banner of his ancestors, and who, at last, goes as a traveller to 'discover countries yet unknown'. There was an intelligent Gaveston (Richard Hurndall); and I may not read the play in future without recalling Malcolm Hayes' intonation in four words of Warwick, 'When, can you tell?', to Arundel's promise that the King will but talk with Gaveston and send him back.

A play still full of fight, though London received it indifferently twelve years ago, is Patrick Hamilton's 'The Duke in Darkness'. It is the last play in the world one would have expected the dramatist to write; another proof that it is folly to go round gumming labels on this author or that. 'The Duke' (Light) is an exciting romantic invention: the escape of an imaginary ruler of an imaginary French province after fifteen years' imprisonment in the castle of another Duke. It is fitted especially to the theatre of the mind's eye; and, with such actors as Michael Hordern, James McKechnie, and Arthur Young, it came gallantly upon the air to the note of 'The wind on your cheek and the rain on your face'.

Because Henry Reed admires the late Ugo Betti so much, and clearly has toiled to bring 'The Burnt Flower-Bed' (Third) to radio, it may be callous to suggest that the play is fatally artificial. Sorrow for a son is bound to be affecting, and there is a last dramatic stab; but, as a whole, the piece, with its hint of Ibsen and its political-conspiratorial complexities—we are near a frontier, 'the point of attrition between two great wheels'—left me respectful but unexcited. (And this in spite of the ennobling effect of Robert Harris.) I fancy that Ugo Betti, though obviously a dramatist of mark, is an acquired taste.

One cannot be very happy about 'Gordon Daviot's' posthumous play, 'Cornelia' (Home), and its sudden arrival of a ward from Labrador in a bachelor establishment near London. It is a mild entertainment on traditional lines. Geraldine McEwan, of course, can manage any waif from anywhere, and she tried loyally to pretend that Cornelia, from Forks of Sagataw, was someone quite fresh. Miriam Karlin, similarly full of fight, and with a voice like a file made, oddly, of india-rubber, was the one relief in a 'Top of the Town' (Light) that seemed to be uncommonly worried and self-conscious.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Let Us Be Moral

... SAID MR. PECKSNIFF, and those who plan the Home Service and Third Programme broadcasts seem to have made the same suggestion when drawing up the bill of fare for Wednesday of last week. As a result we heard two Oxford philosophers, R. M. Hare and P. H. Nowell-Smith, discussing 'The Moral Philosopher's Job' on the Third—a discussion based on Mr. Nowell-Smith's recent book on *Ethics*—and, an hour and a half later, Margaret Knight and Jenny Morton on the Home Service putting the case against and for the use of religion in the moral training of children.

On the two previous Wednesdays Mrs. Knight had had the microphone to herself. I listened to her first talk and her 'radio personality', lively, earnest, and amiable, enlisted my sympathetic attention at the outset, but before long my eye turned to the clock, a sure sign that I was becoming restive, and in fact I had begun to realise

that Mrs. Knight was putting me through all those arguments which I had put myself through in the days of my youth, arguments which for me were a necessary process but which have come to have as little significance as that earlier one about how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. The expression 'scientific humanism' has for Mrs. Knight the same comfortable significance as 'that blessed word Mesopotamia' had for the old lady in the story, but for me it implies an attitude that resolutely ignores vast tracts of human experience. But, Mrs. Knight is not only a 'scientific humanist', she is a warm-hearted person too and she gave some sound advice on the treatment of children, and her talks and the hornets' nest they roused must have stimulated some salutary thinking in 'the ordinary man and woman' to whom she addressed them.

Last week, in a third broadcast on the same theme, she came up against Mrs. Morton, a convinced Christian, wife of the deputy leader of the Iona Community, who was fully her match in liveliness, earnestness, and amiability. In their discussion they found much ground for agreement, but basically, needless to say, they ended where they had begun, worlds apart.

The two philosophers were not concerned with religion: ethics and morals were their theme. This was a carefully prepared discussion by two excellent speakers with whose voices the microphone, that capricious creature, showed itself willing to co-operate, so that the listener, spared the distracting job of trying to follow a disjointed argument and straining to catch elusive words and phrases, was free to concentrate his attention on the good fare.

In 'A Poet's Reading: compared with an actor's' we heard recordings of two readings of Cecil Day Lewis' poem 'The Album', the first by himself, the second by Michael Hordern. The recordings were introduced by James Reeves who conducted the proceedings. Both readers were present in the studio and, questioned by Mr. Reeves, each criticised both his own and the other's reading and Mr. Reeves added his own views. It was an instructive and very enjoyable broadcast, although one from which no general conclusion could be drawn, since readings of poetry, whether by the poet himself or an actor, vary with every individual. I have heard poets who read their own work execrably, through nervousness perhaps or sheer inability to speak verse, and actors who, though accomplished elocutionists, wrecked a poem by reading it in a style totally unsuited to it. Both Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Hordern can read poetry extremely well and it was entertaining and revealing to hear their remarks on their own and the other man's readings and their discussion of other points brought up by Mr. Reeves. Mr. Day Lewis thought that too much emotion had crept into a passage in his own reading and that Mr. Hordern had begun his rather in the tone of 'a kind, brisk, sympathetic uncle'. I agree, but I would go further. I always enjoy Mr. Day Lewis' reading, with its masterly sense of form and rhythm, but I am often bothered by a slight excess of emotion in his voice and I felt it throughout this recording. The poem itself is already charged with emotion and so the tone of the reading should, I fancy, be very carefully controlled if it is not to tip the scales too far. Mr. Hordern's tone, on the contrary, was, I thought, too matter-of-fact. I would have welcomed a tenderer, less brisk uncle.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Contemporary Scene

THE PAST WEEK'S PROGRAMMES have exemplified in an unusually striking manner the adequacy and impartiality with which the B.B.C. dis-

charges its responsibility towards the composers of today and the immediate past. It happened to be the week for the monthly programme of New Music. Besides this, there were first performances (or broadcasts) in this country of a Violin Concerto by Peragallo, a Symphony by Jean Rivier, and a song composed in memory of Dylan Thomas by Stravinsky, as well as recitals of songs by Poulenc and by English composers Stanford, Rubbra, and Vaughan Williams, and Lennox Berkeley's Pianoforte Sonata. All these occurred in the Third Programme, which (to judge from the response to the recruiting of a 'listening panel') is not the wee, lonely waif wailing to the unheeding heavens that has been pictured for us by some of its critics in the popular press.

In the Home Service there was a second broadcast of Vaughan Williams' latest choral work, the Christmas oratorio, 'This Day', and the first performance of a cantata, 'The Summer's Nightingale', by David Cox. Not all of these works are masterpieces and some listeners may have felt that some of them hardly deserved their programme-time. But they constitute a fairly representative sampling of the music that is being written today in Britain and in the Latin countries. For, as it happened, Germany and Austria were not represented, unless one counts the Violoncello Concerto by Berthold Goldschmidt (now a British subject) which was given a second broadcast in Karl Rankl's concert on January 16.

Of the absolute novelties Denis Ap Ivor's song-cycle, 'Landscapes', for tenor accompanied by a sextet of wind and strings, seemed to me the most successful composition. The poems from T. S. Eliot's set of that name have evoked a more than usually lyrical and euphonious music from a composer who has inclined to angularities and sharp edges. The setting of 'Usk' in particular is a fine piece in the main tradition of English song. Yeats has had a similarly mellowing effect upon the style of Elizabeth Maconchy, whose settings of six poems for soprano, women's chorus, clarinet, harp, and two horns were evocative without being quite firm enough in character. The singers, Wilfred Brown and Sophie Wyss (most reliable of musicians for the presentation of new and difficult songs in whatever style), contributed to the success of these compositions. Between them Harold Truscott played his own Suite No. 2, which is well-written pianoforte-music, if nothing more.

David Cox's cantata, settings of poems by Walter Raleigh, was sung on the same evening by David Galliver with the B.B.C. Midland Singers and Orchestra conducted by John Lowe. Effectively written for the voices, the music seemed to owe rather too much to the example of Benjamin Britten, and especially of 'Spring Symphony', both in its melody and its texture, to possess a character of its own. Stravinsky's song, a setting of a poem written by Dylan Thomas in memory of his father, is a small occasional work raised to a higher level by the composer's evident sorrow at the poet's early death. As a piece of skilled craftsmanship this is a striking miniature.

Vaughan Williams' oratorio is a large masterpiece. A second hearing of it does nothing to diminish one's delight in the freshness and originality of its conception. The idiom of the music may be familiar—there are reminders of all manner of things that have come from Vaughan Williams' pen, from the 'Sea Symphony' onwards—but the use to which it is put is entirely new. Moreover every ounce of 'fat' has been shed; there is not an unnecessary note anywhere in this extraordinarily athletic score, whose very economy of means would show up any bare patches in the composer's inspiration,

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did they exist. Sir Malcolm Sargent gave it a superb performance, which displayed the work to better advantage than that given at the Three Choirs' Festival under the composer's direction. The boys of Watford Grammar School sang their recitatives flexibly, tunefully and intelligently, making the narrative clear. Later in the evening, going backwards nearly fifty years,

Sargent and the B.B.C. Orchestra gave us an excellent performance of an earlier masterpiece, Elgar's First Symphony, which served also to show what music was like when Vaughan Williams was working on his first symphony—by no means wanting in richness and fatty tissue, yet extremely vigorous in its exuberant manner. Some falling off in the finale notwithstanding,

Elgar's work must hold its place in virtue of the two central movements alone, which are as fine as anything that has been written in this century, not excluding Debussy's 'La Mer' of which we heard an extremely lucid, yet unsatisfying performance on records directed by Toscanini.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Baroque Spirit in Music

By BASIL LAM

The first of a series of programmes of baroque chamber music will be broadcast at 10.5 p.m. on Saturday, February 5 (Third)

CHARLES LAMB once said that whenever a new book appeared he read an old one; present-day composers might ruefully comment that a similar principle may be detected in our attitude to music. The longing for the past that expressed itself in the pathetic mock-Tudor of suburban housing operates, at a perceptibly higher intellectual level, in the remarkable cult of eighteenth-century music, which the public is just learning to call 'baroque'. This convenient epithet long ago lost its derogatory sense, at least in German scholarship, but even in architecture, to which it properly belongs, the term was almost unknown in English writing until some thirty years ago, and standard dictionaries of quite recent date contain the entry 'baroque: odd or irregular in shape'.

To the normal judgement of the nineteenth century, European architecture was either gothic or renaissance; Morris failed to appreciate St. Paul's Cathedral, and in his generous enthusiasm for old buildings seems to have assumed that little later than 1500 was worth preserving. In literature, at any rate in England, poetry was taken to have virtually disappeared between Shakespeare and the *Lyrical Ballads* except, of course, for Milton, always admired rather than read; even to Matthew Arnold, Dryden and Pope were 'classics of our prose'. It is reasonable therefore, to seek a common factor to account for our recently awakened interest in post-renaissance architecture, seventeenth-century writers, and so-called baroque music—this last term, with the convenient additions 'early', 'middle', and 'late', having to cover a period stretching from Monteverdi's operas to the latest works of Handel.

Bacon's remark that there is seldom any beauty without some strangeness in the proportion might serve as the motto of baroque art. Whereas in a gothic building everything structural is shown performing a function rationally connected with the plan as a whole (with consequent symmetry of motives), the aim of baroque seems to be rather to astonish—if necessary by a kind of deception as in a surprise modulation. To Ruskin, truth in building meant the gothic revealing of function—even the choir of Beauvais, as sensational as any baroque enthusiast could desire, astonishes because of the spectator's knowledge that the almost frightening height of the vault is achieved by extending to the limit of endurance the structural method used in a parish church.

It has often been remarked that baroque architects were influenced by the elaborate stage scenery that became popular in the seventeenth century; consequently they seem to have argued that effect was the sole consideration; deception was justified if it enabled the designer to move and amaze. Wren would surely have been perplexed by moral objections to the iron chains which secure the dome of St. Paul's. Again, whereas classical or renaissance ornament and

detail had some direct relation to structure, baroque decoration was added for effect, a method which is, of course, perfectly legitimate according to the principles of the style. Historians have not hesitated to ascribe a feeling of movement to baroque buildings, especially in such features as certain dramatically conceived staircases, or in ground plans which seem contrived to mislead the spectator. In poetry, to take only English examples, we find the strained language of Cowley, an attempt to bludgeon the reader into recognising sublimity, the emotional excesses of Crashaw and the startling mixture of incongruous images in Milton, censured by Johnson, in 'Lycidas'. Dryden, at least in the heroic plays, cultivated the same violent rhetoric, though perhaps not without a carefully hidden sense of its absurdity.

If, then, some of the features of baroque art are these—deliberate excess, the subordinating of causes to effects, and a rhetoric that seeks to overpower rather than to persuade, they are presumably to be found in music also if the term 'baroque music' has any useful meaning. Of Bach it could be said that much of his work is, in this sense, typically baroque. The almost morbid intensity of the St. Matthew Passion, or of things like the opening chorus of the cantata 'Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht' (No. 105), the fantastic rhetoric of the Chromatic Fantasia and the organ Fantasia in G minor, the structural virtuosity of the tremendous 'Nun ist das Heil' (Cantata No. 50)—all these express baroque ideals with incomparable authority. Clearly the comfortable idea of Bach as a kind of honorary Anglican will not bear historical analysis, though it is feasible (as we know only too well) to perform his music in a manner consistent with such a misreading of his achievement. A certain violence of impact, power expressed by harshness and strain, characterises many things in Bach as in the visual arts, e.g., Bernini's famous *baldichino* in St. Peter's, or, precariously balanced on the extreme edge of emotional propriety, his St. Teresa.

So much may readily be conceded, but the real difficulty arises once we seek to limit these definitions. Is the Laocöon baroque? Or Michelangelo's Moses? Or the 'Qui tollis' in Mozart's C minor Mass? Apart from such puzzles of chronology, as soon as we turn to Handel and the Italian composers the German baroque qualities no longer apply. In his time Corelli was admired for the orderly and rational nature of his art. Hawkins compared the 'irregular' (i.e., baroque) Vivaldi with the classical Corelli whom he praised for lucidity and grace. Little meaning surely can be found in a definition wide enough to include 'Messiah' and the St. Matthew Passion, or Purcell's sonatas and Corelli's. In fact, the character of Handel's music is opposed in almost every respect to that accepted as baroque. Instead of daring paradoxes meant to astonish and subdue, we find the expected event, convincing not because it is

obvious, but obvious because of its truth. The grandeur of 'Moses and the children of Israel', or 'Total eclipse', or the great melody in the B minor Concerto grosso, is that of a classicism purely Mediterranean in source, owing nothing to the dark splendours of the Teutonic imagination. Handel's lack of mystery, his one defect, is the very thing that makes it impossible to call him 'baroque', and a term used to define an epoch which proves inapplicable to one of its two greatest figures can scarcely claim much validity.

All generalisations are to some degree false, and the increasing use of the term 'baroque' to cover a variety of styles, national and personal, can only bedevil, by imposing a fatal uniformity, our well-meaning attempts to recapture an 'authentic' style in the performance of old music. In fact there is no formula, no one style, appropriate to the music of 1680 and 1740, to that of Italy, France, Germany, and England. Whether it is in the general emotional content, or in technical matters ranging from tempo, notation, ornament, bowing, continuo realisation, down to the minutiae of harpsichord or organ registration, every composition must be treated as a separate problem and neither romantic sentimentalism nor mechanical objectivity will serve to conceal the tentativeness of our efforts.

It is here that the concept of the baroque can be valuable, in spite of its limitations. The one element common to all this music is eloquence. So much is evident from such eighteenth-century ideas as the doctrine of the *Affekte* or the notion of music as a kind of speech. Corelli has been cited as an example of a restrained 'classical' master, yet the dry and rationalising Hawkins could say of the sonata Op. 3, No. 9, that it had drawn tears from many an eye, and in the previous century the often-quoted account by Pepys of the effect made on him by the wind-music in the 'Virgin-Martyr' is another testimony to the intensity of the feelings aroused by music performed in the style of its own time. If we aim always at eloquence we shall reject the empty clatter of hurried and rigid *allegros* and the dragged *adagios* dying like poor Charles II at every cadence. In so doing we shall doubtless fall into other errors, but the historical approach, though it may deceive by incomplete evidence, is the only path towards the revival of the music of the past as a living art, filled with the spirit of its own epoch.

The Henry Wood Birthday Concert will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on March 2 by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. Gre Brouwenstijn and Mark Hambourg are the soloists, in a programme which includes Vaughan Williams' Overture 'The Wasps', Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, Tatiana's Letter Song from Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin', and Elgar's Enigma Variations. Booking opens on January 29, when tickets may be obtained from the Royal Albert Hall and the usual agents.

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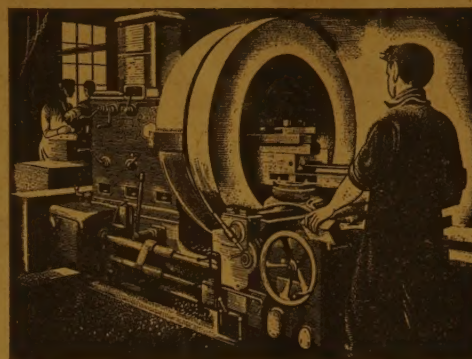


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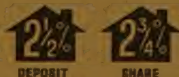
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For the Housewife

Cake Making for Beginners—II

By ANN HARDY

THE method for mixing rich cakes, covering a wide range from the simple Victoria sandwich to the richest of rich fruit cakes, is to cream the fat. The time for baking depends on the richness and the thickness of the cake. The oven temperature should be highest when the cakes are put in. The best position is in the middle of the oven. If your oven has a reflector tin at the top and your cake requires long cooking, take the reflector out—otherwise the top of the cake will get too brown.

For rich cakes it is absolutely essential to line the tins in which they are cooked with greaseproof paper. Indeed, for the very rich Christmas or wedding cake mixture, it is advisable to line the tins first with brown paper and then with greaseproof.

A word about the ingredients: good household flour with baking powder added is excellent for rich fruit cakes. For the sponge-cake variety a lighter flour is good—best white flour with baking powder added, or a good quality self-raising flour. Try them out in turn and keep to the one you like best. Sugar for fruit cakes may be demerara or granulated, but for sponge use only the finest caster. The fat should be margarine or butter or a mixture of both.

For the creaming method of mixing, prepare your fat by putting it in a warm place to soften, but do not allow it to become oily. Sieve flour, salt, and raising agent, beat the fat until it is a soft cream, then add the sugar and beat

thoroughly together until the mixture drops very easily from the spoon. The greatest help in getting it like this is the softening first, but, let me repeat, without oiling. For the sponge-sandwich type of cake the eggs should be well beaten. This helps to lighten the cake and produces the perfect sponge. For this sort of cake the whole of the whisked eggs can be gradually beaten into the creamed fat and sugar and then the sieved flour lightly folded in all at once. For rich fruit cakes and large, rich cakes, like Madeira, the eggs require only the slightest beating and they should be added alternately with the flour. For a fruit cake mix the flour with the fruit in a bowl, remembering the thorough washing and drying of the fruit first.

As to consistency of the mixture, it varies slightly: for the plain, small, rock-cake type it should be stiff—should stand up in the tin. For large, plain cakes it should be a dropping consistency. For small rich cakes of the Queen cake variety it should be almost a dropping consistency, but for big rich cakes it should be a slightly softer mixture. If you add grated rind for flavouring, as in orange cake, add it during the creaming of the fat.

For rich cake use a very moderate oven. When the centre of the cake feels firm and leaves no impression of the finger, then the cake is usually done, but to verify it run a clean skewer into the cake. If it comes away clean the cake is done. Sponge cake should be

cooked only till set. It should feel spongy and springy when gently touched.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD SCOTT (page 135): diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*

ALF MARTIN (page 136): London correspondent of *Handelstidningen of Gothenburg*; regular broadcaster for the Swedish Broadcasting Service

TERENCE PRITIE (page 138): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

W. A. ROBSON (page 140): Professor of Public Administration, London University; author of *Population and the People*, *Problems of Nationalised Industry*, etc.

H. G. HANBURY (page 145): Vinerian Professor of English Law, Oxford University; author of *Principles of Agency*, *Modern Equity*, etc.

ELLIS WATERHOUSE (page 149): Barber Professor of Fine Arts and Director of Barber Institute, Birmingham University since 1952, and Slade Professor of Fine Arts, Oxford University, since 1953; Director of National Galleries of Scotland 1949-1952; author of *British Painting, 1530-1790*, etc.

MRS. JENNY MORTON (page 151): wife of the Deputy Leader of the Iona Community

HON. V. SACKVILLE-WEST (page 157): author of *The Easter Party*, *The Edwardians*, *The Land*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,291.

Further Devilry—IV.

By Ad.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner

Each clue consists of a sentence from which a hidden light has been removed. Alteration in spacing and punctuation is allowed but the order of letters remains unchanged, e.g., BISON is hidden in: 'that club IS ONE I overlooked'. Removed, it reads: 'That clue I overlooked'. All lights will be found in *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary*.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Though you may not like the rules, they are his and we must obey them (4)
4. I know that I race but I can't do anything about it (3)
6. I hate this rug. I wish I'd a magic carpet (4)
8. Some of the elephants went on show. Can you transport them back? (5)
10. They are fed up and weary—one knows that (5)
12. He is certainly willing and a very young man should be (4)
13. I'm a dentist—never thought I should do (3)
14. That is a show—quite unnecessary (4)
15. It is not the same in Bow—the Japs are there (5)
18. It would hold wooden cases and it would seal containers more efficiently (5)
21. Have you heard of these new scenes—incredible? (5)
22. A near view of the case would appear to be a prime necessity (4)
23. Talking of holidays! Once again there arises—'Can we afford them?' (4)
24. After searching for some time she found the men, dirty and obviously forgotten (5)
28. There were traces of houses, one above the other (5)
29. Though you may be offended I'm sorry to say I can't call (5)
30. If women can get £7 per week, what must men? (4)
32. I know just what it will mend—I still think it's not good enough (3)
33. The base can remain as it is but I should cut down the bile (4)
35. I've seen Humpty Dumpty and Cinderella but I think Sinbad is worse (5)
36. Where I sit is worst. I shall have to find another seat (5)
37. Whatever you say about me I shan't come—you are of no importance (4)
38. You should come and see the smith sing (3)
39. Three things held us up: the bad weather, the stupid mud, the narrow roads (4)

DOWN

2. I don't like these pants—too long and too many frills (3)
3. I expected it would cost something to collect all the pears but we shan't miss the fee (5)

4. Some magistrates appear to be very lenient but I think the fines are more severe (5)
5. The small raft is a definite improvement on the original copy (5)
6. I could never support this caustic, abstract, vague sort of philosophy (5)
7. I'm afraid I must put the blame on to the ring she had (3)
8. 'I liked the look of that black bull' said the farmer, 'but you should have seen the red' (9)
9. There's nothing here but weeds—it will mean a lot of work to get a respectable garden (9)
11. Isn't ten yards of our latest material enough for two suits? (9)
16. He's a lovely cat but he's no taste (5)
17. Don't dispose of those wire brushes. I can use the easel (5)
19. I called 'They eat once' they replied (5)
20. Reginald complained this morning about high prices. I said to him, 'Rail charges are much too stiff' (5)
24. What about this horrible sum? Seems too long for me (5)
25. 'I went farming, young lady', I replied (5)
26. If you are going to look far you will be disappointed (5)
27. I don't like these shoes. I'm afraid we shall have to turn back (5)
31. To see the mat was enough to make one sick (3)
34. Thefts of these particular stones have been brilliantly executed (3)

Solution of No. 1,289

4	8	6	5	3	7	4	8	1	6	0	4	1
5	5	7	6	5	7	9	7	5	1	4	8	5
0	2	5	6	7	7	0	4	8	7	9	0	4
6	1	6	4	8	2	2	2	3	5	0	7	6
9	2	4	7	9	2	6	4	0	7	5	2	0
8	2	1	9	6	3	9	4	8	1	2	5	4
1	4	6	2	1	9	8	7	5	2	7	3	8
2	8	8	4	3	5	0	6	2	9	4	5	1
4	0	6	8	1	0	5	1	3	5	2	0	7
6	9	7	7	2	3	9	9	2	5	1	4	2
2	1	9	5	1	6	0	7	4	2	7	0	9

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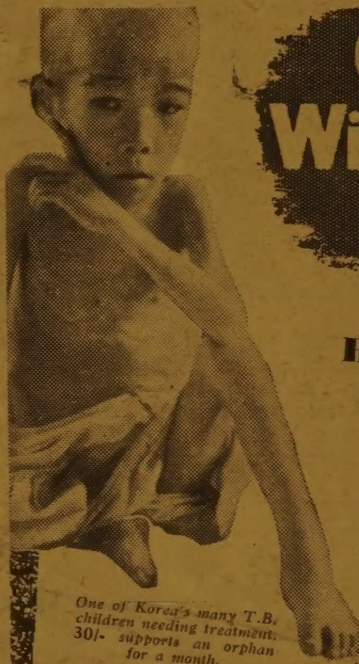
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